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WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

Washington, August 14, 1893.

Democrats in Congress do not take kindly to Mr. Cleveland's departure. They do not hesitate to say that it was as much his duty to stay here and help his party reach a decision on the silver question as it is the duty of members of Congress to stay. Before leaving Mr. Cleveland spoke his mind freely to several prominent members of his party He told them among other things, that unless something unexpected occurred to make him change his mind he did not intend making any more appointments until Congress had acted upon the silver question, and that he did not intend to stay in Washington to listen to the men who are more anxious to get a few appointments for their friends than to relieve the financial distress of the country.

Aside from Mr. Cleveland's disgust at the reception given his message by his party in Congress, his bad health and his natural desire to be near his wife just now, there was another weighty reason for his departure, which can be fully appreciated by every proud man. From the time he arrived until his departure he was almost completely ignored by the Senators of his party, less than half a dozen of them having paid him the courtesy of even a formal call. This was so different from what he had been led to expect by those who have been purposely misrepresenting things to him that he was at first furious, and later humiliated. Those Senators whom he saw carried him no balm for his wounded pride, as they were practically unanimous in the belief that it will be impossible to get a bill for the repeal of the silver law through the Senate, unless it embodies a substitute that meets the approval of the conservative silver men in that body. Truly Mr. Cleveland had reasons enough for leaving Washington in a hurry, although none of them were sufficient to excuse his departure.

So far the silver fight in the House has been mostly between democrats, although several republicans, omong them Grosvenor, of Ohio, and Henderson, of Iowa, gave Representative Harter, of Ohio, a few disagreeable minutes when he asserted that the condition of the working man in England was as much superior to the condition of the working-man in Ohio as a berth in Heaven is to a cot in Purgatory. The free silver democrats also prodded Harter at several points of his speech. Mr. Harter said that Senator Sherman, instead of being abused for the Sherman law, ought to have the grateful thanks of the whole people, because he got the best there was to be obtained for the country out of a bad situation. But the portion of his speech that was the most irritating to the silver men was where he said: "the working-men are appealing to Congres for bread, and the silver men are offering them not a stone but dynamite, and instead of a serpent a whole bundle of them —a boa constrictor, a rattle snake, and a copperhead, all rolled into one in the shape of a financial system."

It is plain to be seen that the speeches in the House are for home consumption. Since the first day there has not been a quorum present, and the same condition is expected to continue during the fourteen days the debate is to last. No votes will be changed, and if the votes were taken now instead of at the close of the debate the result would be the same.

The Senate has done nothing and it is understood that at the last meeting of the Finance committee the silver men who control that committee, made it plain that no bill would be reported from the committee for the repeal of the Sherman law, without a substitute that would be satisfactory to the silver men. A committee of democratic Senators is now engaged in trying to bring about a compromise. Republican Senators are waiting to see what the democrats propose doing

Representative Breckinridge, of Kentucky, has become involved in a very ugly personal scandal, by the filing of a suit against him for $50,000 by Madalene V. Pollard, for breach of promise of marriage. She charges that he seduced her when she was seventeen yeors old and a student at Weslyan Female College at Cincinnati, and says she had two children of whom he was the father, and that after his wife's death, in 1892, he promised to marry her, but postponed it from time to time, meanwhile continuing his relations with her; and that on the 18th of July, 1893, he married another woman. Breckinridge brought Miss Pollard to Washington and secured her a government position, from which she was dismissed for having publicly made disgraceful remarks about Gen. Sherman at the time of his death. Mr. Breckinridge has his bride here now. Nice state of affairs for a bride to be called upon to contemplate before the end of her honeymoon, isn't it?

A suggestion, and a worthy one, has been made by the Schaghticoke *Press* to found a new organization upon the principles of American loyalty, liberty, fraternity and equality; Protection to American manufactures; American markets for the American goods; restriction of immigration; American wage markets to American workingmen; a Tariff on pauper labor as well as on pauper goods; reciprocity of capital and labor; arbitration—no strikes under any consideration whatever. These points cover the principles of Republicanism and of Protection, and we believe that the time is rife for a labor movement upon some such lines, especially now that workingmen see the result of their folly of last year in electing a Free-Trade Congress and a Free-Trade President, factories being closed and so many thousand of workingmen unemployed, simply in anticipation of great changes to be made and for which the party now in power was expressly elected.

THE DEMOCRATIC MILLENIUM.

A friend has sent us the following which he clipped from the *Daily Herald and Torch Light* published at Hagerstown Md., which explains the situation as well as it can be told in a few words. We commend it to the perusal and careful consideration of all voters.

"A few days ago a prominent democrat of Hagerstown declared that the price of labor is entirely too high. Cheapness is the democratic shibboleth—cheap clothes, cheap food, cheap manufactured products, cheap men.

We sincerely hope our democratic friends are happy; we confess Republicans are not. We have cheap food; wheat is only 58 cents a bushel. We have cheap clothes; cotton and wool were never lower. We have cheap manufactured articles—so cheap the factories are refusing to continue to manufacture at the present demand. We are getting cheap labor; wages are dropping all over the country and hundreds of thousands are unemployed.

This is the nemocratic millenium; the country is fairly reveling in cheapness. Everything is cheap—except money, which can't be gotten from the banks on any security.

Farmer, you who voted the democratic ticket last fall when you were promised $1 25 for wheat, how do you enjoy this democratic millennium of cheapness?

Laborer, you who were deluded last Fall by democratic promises of more work, better wages and cheaper goods, how do you like this democratic era of cheapness, with your wages reduced, with the failure of employment and with the spectacle of an army of tramps seeking work where there is no work?

Farmer, you who can get an abundance of cheap hands, for hundreds of thousands of men are eager to work, but your wheat is worth only 58 cents.

Laborer, cotton, wool and flour are cheap, very cheap; it costs little to clothe and fhed yourself and frmily; but you are either unemployed, or your wages are reduced.

Wherein does democratic cheapness benefit the farmer; if he buys labor cheap, aren't the products of his farm also cheap; or what does it profit the laboring man, out of employment, that bread and clothing may be bought at a song?

Hasten to exorcise this democratic devil of cheapness that you conjured up last Fall by your votes."

The statement of the Mayor of Chicago that there are 200,000 idle workingmen and women in that city and that there will be riots that will shake the country "if Congress does not give us money" has an ominous sound. The statement is doubtless exaggerated, but it is nevertheless true that there will be an army of unemployed workingmen in Chicago this Winter. Thousands went to that city and obtained employment in making ready for the World's Fair. A majority of them probably voted for Cleveland and helped to roll up the huge vote by which Chicago swamped the rest of the State and gave Illinois to the Democrats. If the prosperous time of last year had continued these workingmen would have been easily absorbed back again into the regular channels of employment. But with the general feeling of distrust, the closing down of mills and the army of idle men increasing everywhere there is no reserve of work to offer for the Winter. There will be no riots as Mayor Harrison predicts, but there will be much suffering and it will not be lessened by the realization that the workingmen themselves were misled into aiding in bringing it about.

286 PENSIONERS SUSPENDED.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11.—Two hundred and eighty-six pensioners were suspended during the last twenty four hours, pending further medical examination. This is an unusually large number for a single day, but is accounted for by the fact that yesterday the number was exceedingly small.

COMMENTS ON "COUSIN BEN."

One of the duties imperatively devolving upon President Cleveland is to rebuke his cousin, Benjamin Folsom. This is not a time in which a man officially representing the administration of the United States in England safely can be allowed to tell English manufacturers that it is the intention of the American Congress and President to admit their goods free of duty and to cause a stoppage of American industries. What this country now needs is a restoration of that confidence in the stability of Protection to American industries that it felt prior to the election of November last. The depression now so severely felt is due solely to lack of confidence. Restore that and you restore prosperity. But confidence cannot be restored so long as a relative of the President, and one holding office under him, publicly proclaims the advent of Free Trade.—*The Chicago Inter-Ocean, July 28.*

That the Chicago platform is to be carried out and an assault made along the whole line of American manufactures is thus announced officially by the President's kinsman, to the extreme gratification of the manufacturers of Sheffield, whose trade will look up as that of their American competitors goes down. And yet some would have us believe that the Tariff is not an issue, and the present depression in American industries and trade is not the result of a falling off in the orders of our manufacturers and a general curtailment of their business in the expectation and apprehension that by Democratic legislation the trade of Sheffield and other foreign cities is about to be stimulated and enriched, and that of our own depressed, sacrificed and destroyed. Consul Folsom is of the opinion that the truth should not be hid, therefore he congratulates the manufacturers of Sheffield on the return to power of the Democratic party in America. —*Philadelphia Press, July 29.*

We may trust that the indecency of the spectacle afforded by an officer of the United States Government and a relative of the President cheering foreigners by promising to strike a blow for their benefit at the industries of his own country may awaken the people more fully to the fact that the Democratic party is simply proposing to act as a tool in the hands of our industrial enemies.—*The Manufacturer, August 5.*

Mr. Cleveland, who is concerned in the new Tariff propaganda, should see that Cousin Ben Folsom has a new consulate somewhere in Great Britian at once —*New York Morning Advertiser, July 28.*

Mr. Folsom seems to be more concerned about the welfare of Sheffield's trade than about ihe trade of the United States.—*Louisville Commercial, July 28.*

COL. STONE IS HOPEFUL.

Col. Wm. A Stone, who came home to attend the Grand Army meeting last night, will return to Washington to-morrow night. The colonel is very hopeful that the depressed condition of business will pass away in a short time. He believes that the people will regain confidence as a result of the belief that the Republicans will have a majority in the next house of representatives and consequently be able to restore any damage that the Democrats may cause to the tariff system. He believes, however, that the Democrats will not attempt to tinker with the tariff to any extent, as, he said, it is now apparent that the business depression is due largely to the threatened assault upon American industries. The colonel would not talk about his probable candidacy for the Republican gubernatorial nomination, but said that he would attend the state convention to be held at Harrisburg on August 30. In an interview with a PRESS reporter to-day Col. Stone said:

"This is a Republican year, and all of the Republican and doubtful states will give good majorities for the candidates of that party. "I am confident that the next house will be Republican. The party in power will be held responsible for all legislation enacted and also for a failure to enact legislation. I do not believe that the present house will seriously cripple the industries of the country by reductions in the tariff. Democrats are confronted with the problem of governing this country, and will be held wholly responsible for results. They will have to raise between $400.000,000 and $500,000,000 by taxation to run the country. They have never been in this position since the war. Heretofore, they could push their free trade doctrines in the house, knowing that they would never become laws. They dare not go back to a tax on sugar, and they cannot raise the requisite revenue without maintaining the most of the tariffs in the McKinley bill. Then, the November elections, which will occur before any tariff measures can be passed, will cause them to hesitate before they seriously attack the present tariff. The present condition of business is rather discouraging, but I think the future is full of encouragement. The Republicans will be restored to power and confidence will be regained. The people can do much to relieve the trouble. If they would bring their money back and put it into the banks and trust in the Lord and their government, prosperity would soon return to us."

THEY ARE ALL GOOD MEN.

We hope the Republicans of Centre county will turn out in force at the delegate elections and vote instruction for the men that they want to have placed upon the ticket to be voted for at the coming election this fall. We have some good men who have announced themselves as candidates for the various positions; these men have been urged by their friends to present themselves for your suffrage. All of them are good men and will do honor to the party if they receive the nomination. For Sheriff we have Henry Montgomery, of Bellefonte, and Robert Cooke, of Howard, both true and tried republicans and well known to the voters all over the county. For Treasurer we have Jacob D. Wagner, of Ferguson, a young man of ability, an earnest republican, and one who has the confidence of all who know him. If nominated he will make a good candidate, and if elected one of the best Treasurers our county ever had. He is a man against whom his political opponents cannot and will not bring a single charge of unfitness in any particular.

For commissioners we have as candidates, who have presented their names for your support, Henry Stevens, of Half Moon, and Andrew J. Lytle, of College. Both of these men are well known to the voters of the county and both of them are well qualified for the position. There are two men to be nominated for this office and the party will make no mistake if they place both of these men on the ticket. Mr. Stevens comes from a section of the county that has not had a commissioner for two generation; he comes from a section where they have none but good republicans and Mr. Stevens is one of the best. He is a man who will have the confidence and respect of even his apponents; a careful, economical business man, and one who knows and will stand by the interest of the farmers of our county. This may be said as truly of one as of the other of the men mentioned above. What we have said in this article is not for the purpose of influencing any man's choice. We desire the will of the people to be expressed and materialize into a ticket that shall give universal satisfaction. The choice, when its work is finished, as we hope and expect it will be the choice of every other true republican in the county. Let us stand together like true soldiers; if we are defeated, let us fall with our face to the foe; if we win, let us win by an honorable and manly fight—with no sacrifice of principle no dishonorable bargains. Let us present a ticket to the voters of Centre county worthy of their confidence and esteem. If we do this, we believe they will accord us a generous support, followed by a triumphant election.

VOTE INSTRUCTIONS.

The delegate election of the republicans of this county will be held next Saturday afternoon and evening. It is important that a ticket should be placed in nomination that will give universal satisfaction. This result can only be reached by every voter expressing his individual preberence at the election by voting instructions for the candidates of their choice, and we advise you to do this. Don't leave the matter to go by default. If the delegates uninstructed, you leave them to be worked upon by the party managers after they arrive here, and as these men are not infalible, they may work to secure the nomination of men not wanted by the majority of the rank and file. If you vote instructions you indicate the men you want, and you know who you want better than the party leaders in Bellefonte or anywhere else. Now don't neglect this plain duty, and then find fault with the work of the convention. If any faction is beaten in a fair fight then they can have no cause of complaint. It will be the duty of every Republican to stand manfully by the action of the convention. After the work is done let the mandate of the convention stand as the choice of a united party.

—Edward Rupp, who is employed at Jackson & Co's flouring mill in this place, met with a painful accident at the mill last week. He went to attend to one of the machines that was clogged up and his hand got caught in the cogs of the wheel and was badly smashed. No bones were broken, however, and the doctor soon fixed him up, but it will be some time before he will be able to use the injured member.

—September 2nd is the last day that voters can be registered. See that your name is on the list, so that you can vote without trouble on election day.

WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NEW YORK, August 12, 1893.

So far as respects the investment markets, the past week has shown an improvement in both conditions and prospects. The working of the Stock Market has afforded clear evidence that the point of the lowest depression has been reached. Under the worst conditions of demorlization, there is always a level of prices at which Investors,—either domestic or foreign or both,—will become buyers, and it is a matter of ocular demonstration that that force has now come in to sustain the market. The orders to buy from this class form a back ground of support upon which the "bear" attacks make little or no impression. Their sales are so far taken up by investment buying that, when they want to borrow shares or to cover their sales, they find themselves more or less "cornered." Their operations are therefore confined to a few of the least supported stocks, out of which they seem satisfied to earn their daily salt. It is no small gain to legitimate business that the reckless filibustering of the raiders has been thus brought under check; for it is the first step towards a rise to be assured that decline has touched its "lowest deep."

The Stock Market has to a considerable extent broken loose from influences that are still depressing general business. The extreme scarcity and continued hoarding of money has little direct effect upon Stock Exchangs operations. That kind of business is done without the direct intervention of cash; and as the banks can lend on stock loans without parting with currency they give a certain preference to stock brokers, especially as their collaterals, at the present low prices, form good security. Members of the Exchange therefore find no difficulty in borrowing at bank at 5@6 per cent on call, while other important borrowers have to pay 10@12 per cent for the insufficient accommodation that can be afforded them. This returning ability to get loans enables holders to protect themselves and makes Wall street less sensitive than other interests to the adverse course in which events are still running.

The week has on the whole contributed some important reliefs to the general situation. It is true that there is no abatement of the common dearth of money, and none in the large demands of the interior banks for help from the metropolis; the banks, indeed, are as much pressed as they have ever been, so much so that they are compelled to refuse currency to outside applications, and have advanced rates to be generous but must stand for their own protection. But, at the same time, the fact that, by the end of next week, nearly 20 millions of gold will have been received from Europe while some 12 millions of new bank circulation will be in the course of issue, cannot but have an important effect in relieving the scarcity of money and thereby restoring confidence.

At the close of the week, there is a decided improvement in the situation among the banks. They have made a considerable gain in currency during the week, and the arrivals of gold from England have relieved the tension in every direction. The general opinion among managers is that the danger point is now passed and that, with the further supplies of coin to come from Europe, affairs will gradually work into an easier position.

HENRY CLEWS.

FIRST FRUITS OF FREE TRADE.

Fifty thousand out of work in Chicago, and thousands more will be laid off.

Cincinnati workers in building trades have five thousand men out of work.

More than half the wage earners in and around Pittsburg have been laid off.

Five thousand out of work in San Francisco and much distress prevails.

Ten thousand men idle in Buffalo, owing to financial stringency.

All trades in Philadelphia affected and many are laid off.

36,177 out of work in New York City.

The above head lines were noticed in one issue of a metropolitan free trade Democratic paper one day last week.

WHEN will the closed mills be started again and how many factories now running will be forced to shut down unless existing conditions are changed?—*New York Herald, July* 24, 1893.

These are important questions that it is hard to answer, and which, probably, cannot be answered except by the President of the United States. Just so long as the "existing conditions" of panic and financial distress, brought about through fear of Tariff Reform, continue, it is impossible to say when the closed mills will be started again or "how many factories now running will be forced to shut down." For just as long as the people are in ignorance of the intentions of the Free-Trade Congress in regard to Tariff changes, for just so long will our factories be compelled to close and remain closed. The trouble is that the Free-Trade President has been unable to outline any Tariff policy for the future, because he did not know to what extent he could control his Free-Trade Congress.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

It was my purpose to summon Congress in special session early in the coming September, that we might enter promptly upon the work of Tariff reform which the true interests of the country clearly demand, which so large a majority of the people, as shown by their suffrage, desire and expect, and to the accomplishment of which every officer of the present Administration is pledge. But while Tariff reform has lost nothing of its immediate and permanent importance, and must in the near future engage the attention of Congress, it has seemed to me that the financial condition of the country should at once and before all other subjects be considered by your honorable body.

The forgoing is what President Cleveland said on the subject of Tariff reform in his message to Congress last week.

The President holds that he and his Cabinet are pledged to the Tariff plank of the Democratic platform of 1892.

Ex-Consul Benjamin Folsom, cousin of the Democratic President, was right in his congratulations to the English manufacturers at Sheffield.

"Before another twelve months has rolled by Sheffield will not be subjected to the onerous and oppressive Tariff duties that have restricted her trade."

But "before another twelve months has rolled by" the condition of American manufacturers and of American laborers will be far worse even than it is to-day.

An exhibit published by the *New York Press*, just nine months after the election of President Cleveland, shows a shrinkage of $939,359,114 in the values of stocks and bonds within that period, and a depreciation of $363,500,000 in the value of wheat, corn, oats and cotton, which represents that amount of money directly lost to American farmers since November, 1892.

The bank clearings at 80 cities, as especially reported to *Bradstreet's* for last month, show a decrease of $489,831,909 in the volume of trade as compared with the month of July, 1892, as follows:

Section	July 1893	July, 1892.
New England	$439,529,922	$489,9 9,329
Middle	2,767,843,985	2,962,647,720
Western	151,751,885	175,599,238
Northwestlrn	453,917,930	559,374,613
Southwestern	127,090,397	165,302,749
Southern	123,504,239	109,301,083
Total United States.	$4,127,669.	$4,627,591,774
Decrease in Trade for One Month.		$489,831,9 9.

The President claims that this loss of nearly $500,000,000 of trade in a single month, that this loss of nearly a billion dollars in the value of stocks and bonds, and this direct loss of $363,500,000 to farmers, during the eight months that have elapsed since he was elected President of the United States, is due to "the financial condition of the country."

What is it that makes "the financial condition of the country?" It is made by either prosperity or adversity. The country was prosperous all the time that Protection was assured to its labor and industries, but the adversity began just eight months ago when Protection was threatened, and adversity has been growing worse and worse every month since then.

The President admits that "Tariff reform has lost nothing of its immediate and permanent importance," yet the subject is shelved. The one cause alone that makes "the financial condition of the country" is relegated to "the near future." Although the President "and every officer of the present Administration is pledged" to Tariff reform, yet that pledge is put in the background.

The country meantime loses almost $490,000,000 in its monthly volume of trade, while an effort is to be made to save less than $4,000,000 monthly to the National Treasury.

Our manufacturing industries from now on will be curtailed to even narrower limits, and labor will become less and less in demand until Tariff reform may "in the near future engage the attention of Congress."

The longer the delay the worse it will be for "the financial condition of the country"

The policy of the Democratic party is Free-Trade. Their motto is, America For the Europeans.

—Republicans of Centre county, next Tuesday, when you meet in convention in this place for the purpose of making a ticket for this fall, see to it that the right kind of men are put on. There is a good chance this fall of electing the entire republican ticket. All we need is good men, and every man to do his duty. But the first and most important duty is to be done next Tuesday in the selection of proper candidates. There is lots of good material; see that the ticket is all right.

Waring's Peril.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

NANIAS!"

"Ye-as, suh?"

"What time is it?"

"G y a h d-mountin' done gone, suh."

"The devil it has! What do you mean, sir, by allowing me to sleep on in this shameless and unconscionable manner, when an indulgent government is suffering for my services? What sort of a day is it, sir?"

"Beautiful day, Mr. Waring."

"Then go at once to Mr. Larkin and tell him he can't wear his new silk hat this morning—I want it, and you fetch it. Don't allow him to ring in the old one on you. Tell him I mean the new 'spring style' he just brought from New York. Tell Mr. Ferry I want that new Hatfield suit of his, and you get Mr. Pierce's silk umbrella; then come back here and get my bath and my coffee. Stop, there, Ananias! Give my pious regards to the commanding officer, sir, and tell him there's no drill for 'X' battery this morning, as I'm to breakfast at Moreau's at eleven o'clock and go to the matinee afterwards."

"Beg pahdon, suh,, but de cunnle's done ohdered review fo' de whole command, suh, right at nine o'clock."

"So much the better. Then Capt. Cram must stay, and won't need his swell team. Go right down to the stable and tell Jeffers I'll drive at nine-thirty."

"But—"

"No buts, you incorrigible rascal! I don't pay you a princely salary to raise obstacles. I don't pay you at all, sir, except at rare intervals and in moments of mental decrepitude. Go at once! Allez! Chassez! Skoot!"

"But, lieutenant," says Ananias, his black face shining, his even white teeth all agleam, "Capt. Cram stopped in on de way back from stables to say Glenco'd sprained his foot and you was to ride de bay colt. Please get up, suh. Boots and saddles'll soun' in ten minutes."

"It won't, but if it does I'll brain the bugler. Tell him so. Tell Capt. Cram he's entirely mistaken; I won't ride the bay colt—nor Glenco. I'm going driving, sir, with Capt. Cram's own team and road wagon. Tell him so. Going in forty-five minutes by my watch. Where is it, sir?"

"It ain't back from de jeweler's, suh, where you dun lef' it day before yist'day; but his boy's hyuh now, suh, wid de bill for las' year. Whut shall I tell him?"

"Tell him to go to—quarantine. No! Tell him the fever has broken out here again, sir, and not to call until ten o'clock next spring—next mainspring they put in that watch. Go and get Mr. Merton's watch. Tell him I'll be sure to overstay in town if he doesn't send it, and then I can't take him up and introduce him to those ladies from Louisville to-morrow. Impress that on him, sir, unless he's gone and left it on his bureau, in which case impress the watch—the watch, sir, in any case. No! Stop again, Ananias; not in any case, only in the gold hunting case; no other. Now then, vanish!"

"But, lieutenant, 'fo' Gawd, suh, dey'll put you in arrest if you cuts drill dis time. Cunnle Braxton says to Capt. Cram only two days ago, suh, dat—"

But here a white arm shot out from a canopy of mosquito netting, and first a boot-jack, then a slipper, then a heavy top boot, came whizzing past the darky's dodging head, and, finding expostulation vain, that faithful servitor bolted out in search of some ally more potent, and found one, though not the one he sought or desired, just entering the adjoining room.

A big fellow, too—too big, in fact, to be seen wearing, as was the fashion in the sixties, the shell jacket of the light artillery. He had a full round body, and a full round ruddy face, and a little round visorless cap cocked on one side of a round head, not very full of brains, perhaps, yet reputed to be fairly stocked with what is termed "horse sense." His bulky legs were thrust deep in long boots, and ornamented, so far as the skin-tight breeches of sky blue were concerned, with a scarlet welt along the seam, a welt that his comrades were wont to say would make a white mark on his nose, so red and bulbous was that organ. He came noisily in from the broad veranda overlooking the parade ground, glanced about on the disarray of the bachelor sitting-room, then whirled on Ananias.

"Mr. Waring dressed?"

"No-o, suh; jus' woke up, suh; ain't out o' bed yit."

"The lazy vagabond! Just let me get at him a minute," said the big man, tramping over to the doorway as though bent on invading the chamber beyond. But Ananias had halted short at sight of the intruder, and stood there resolutely barring the way.

"Beg pardon, lieutenant, but Mr. Waring ain't had no bath yit. Can I mix de lieutenant a cocktail, suh?"

"Can you? You black imp of Satan, why isn't it ready now, sir? Sure you could have seen I was as dhry as a limekiln from the time I came through the gate. Hware's the demijohn, you villain?"

"Bein' refilled, suh, down to de sto', but da's a little on de sideboa'd, suh," answered Ananias, edging over thither, now that he had lured the invader away from the guarded doorway. "Take it straight, suh, o' wid bitters—o' toddy?"

"Faith, I'll answer ye as Pat did the parson: I'll take it straight now, and then be drinking the toddy while your honor is mixin' the punch. Give me hold of it, you smudge! and tell your masther it's review—full-dress—and it's time for him to be up. Has he had his two cocktails yet?"

"The lieutenant doesn't care fo' any dis mawnin', suh. I'll fetch him his coffee in a minute. Did you see de cunnle's oade'ly, suh? He was lookin' fo' you a moment ago."

The big red man was gulping down a big drink of the fiery liquor at the instant. He set the glass back on the sideboard with unsteady hand and glared at Ananias suspiciously.

"Is it troot' you're tellin', nigger? Hwat did he say was wanted?"

"Didn't say, suh, but de cunnle's in his office. Yahnduh comes de oade'ly, too, suh; guess he must have hyuhd you was over hyuh."

The result of this announcement was not unexpected. The big man made a leap for the chamber door, only to find it slammed in his face from the other side.

"Hwat the devil's the matter with your master this morning, Ananias?—Waring! Waring, I say! Let me in. The K. O.'s orderly is afther me, and all on account of your bringing me in at that hour last night. Tell him I've gone, Ananias. Let me in, Waring, there's a good fellow."

"Go to blazes, Doyle!" is the unfeeling answer from the other side. "I'm bathing." And a vigorous splashing follows the announcement.

"For the Lord's sake, Waring, let me in. Sure, I can't see the colonel now. If I could stand him off until review and inspection's over and he's had his dhrink he'd let the whole thing drop; but that blackguard of a sinthry has given us away. Sure I told you he would."

"Then slide down the lightning-rod! Fly up the chimney! Evaporate! Dry up and blow away, but get out! You can't come in here."

"Oh, for mercy's sake, Waring! Sure 'twas you that got me into the scrape. You know that I was dhrunk when you found me up the levee. You made me come down when I didn't want to. Hwat did I say to the man last night, anyhow?"

"Say to him? Poor devil! why, you never can remember after you're drunk what you've been doing the night before. Some time it'll be the death of you. You abused him like a pickpocket—the sergeant of the guard and everybody connected with it."

"Oh, murther! murther! murther!" groaned the poor Irishman, sitting down and covering his face with his hands. "Sure, they'll court-martial me this time without fail, and I know it. For God's sake, Waring, can't ye let a feller in and say that I'm not here?"

"Hyuh, dis. way, lieutenant," whispered Ananias, mysteriously. "Slip out on de po'ch and into Mr. Pierce's room. I'll tell you when he's gone." And in a moment the huge bulk of the senior lieutenant of Light Battery "X" was being boosted through a window opening from the gallery into the bachelor den of the junior second lieutenant. No sooner was this done than the negro servant darted back, closed and bolted the long green Venetian blinds behind him, tiptoed to the bedroom door, and, softly tapping, called:

"Mr. Waring! Mr. Waring! get dressed quick as you can, suh! I'll lay out your uniform in hyuh."

"I tell you, Ananias, I'm going to town, sir; not to any ridiculous review. Go and get what I ordered you. See that I'm properly dressed, sir, or I'll discharge you. Confound you, sir, there isn't a drop of Florida water in this bath, and none on my bureau! Go and rob Mr. Pierce—or anybody."

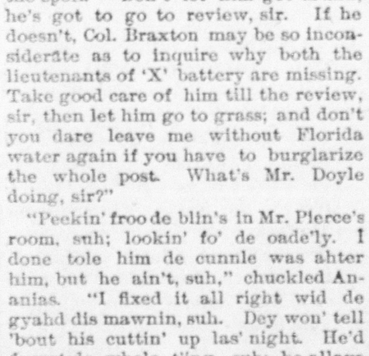
But Ananias was already gone. Darting out on the gallery, he took a header through the window of the adjoining quarters through which Mr. Doyle had escaped, snatched a long flask from the dressing table and was back in the twinkling of an eye.

"What became of Mr. Doyle?" asked Waring, as he thrust a bare arm through a narrow aperture to receive the spoil. "Don't let him get drunk; he's got to go to review, sir. If he doesn't, Col. Braxton may be so inconsiderate as to inquire why both the lieutenants of 'X' battery are missing. Take good care of him till the review, sir, then let him go to grass; and don't you dare leave me without Florida water again if you have to burglarize the whole post. What's Mr. Doyle doing, sir?"

"Peekin' froo de blin's in Mr. Pierce's room, suh; lookin' fo' de oade'ly. I done tole him de cunnle was ahter him, but he ain't, suh," chuckled Ananias. "I fixed it all right wid de gyahd dis mawnin, suh. Dey won' tell 'bout his cuttin' up las' night. He'd forgot de whole t'ing, suh; he allays does; he never does know what's happened de night befo'. He wouldn't 'a' known about dis, but I told his boy Jim to tell him 'bout it ahter stables. I told Jim to sweah dat dey'd repohted it to de cunnle."

"Very well, Ananias; very well, sir; you're a credit to your name. Now go and carry out my orders. Don't forget Capt. Cram's wagon. Tell Jeffers to be here with it on time." And the lieutenant returned to his bath without waiting for reply.

"Ye-as, suh," was the subordinate answer, as Ananias promptly turned, and, whistling cheerily, went banging out upon the gallery and clattering down the open stairway to the brick-



A HEAVY TOP BOOT CAME WHIZZING PAST.

paved court below. Here he as promptly turned, and, noiseless as a cat, shot up the stairway, tiptoed back into the sitting-room, kicked off his low-heeled slippers, and rapidly, but with hardly an audible sound, resumed the work on which he had been engaged—the arrangement of his master's kit.

Already, faultlessly brushed, folded and hanging over the back of a chair close by the chamber door were the bright blue, scarlet-welted battery trousers then in vogue, very snug at the knee, very springy over the foot. Underneath them, spread over the square back of the chair, a dark-blue, single-breasted frock-coat, hanging nearly to the floor, its shoulders decked with huge epaulettes, to the right one of which were attached the braid and loops of a heavy gilt aiguillette whose glistening pendants were hung temporarily on the upper button. On the seat of the chair was folded a broad soft sash of red silk net, its tassels carefully spread. Beside it lay a pair of long buff gauntlets, new and spotless. At the door, brilliantly polished, stood a pair of buttoned gaiter boots, the heels decorated with small glistening brass spurs. In the corner, close at hand, leaned a long, curved saber, its gold sword-knot, its triple-guarded hilt, its steel scabbard and plated bands and rings, as well as the swivels and buckle of the black sword-belt, showing the perfection of finish in manufacture and care in keeping. From a round leather box Ananias now extracted a new gold-wire fourragere, which he softly wiped with a silk handkerchief, dandled lovingly an instant the glistening tassels, coiled it carefully upon the sash, then producing from the same box a long scarlet horsehair plume he first brushed it into shimmering freedom from the faintest knot or kink, then set it firmly through its socket into the front of a gold-braided shako whose black front was decked with the embroidered cross cannon of the regiment, surmounted by the arms of the United States. This he noiselessly placed upon the edge of the mantle, stepped back to complacently view his work, flicked off apossible speck of dust on the sleeve of the coat, touched with a chamois-skin the gold crescent of the nearest epaulette, then softly, noiselessly as before, vanished through the door-way, tiptoed to the adjoining window, and pecked in. Mr. Doyle had thrown himself into Pierce's arm-chair, and was trying to read the morning paper.

"Wunner what Mars'er Pierce will say when he gits back from breakfast," was Ananias' comment, as he sped softly down the stairs, a broad grin on his black face, a grin that almost instantly gave place to preternatural solemnity and respect as, turning sharply on the sidewalk at the foot of the stairs, he came face to face with the battery commander. Ananias would have passed with a low obeisance, but the captain halted him short.

"Where's Mr. Waring, sir?"

"Dressin' fo' inspection, captain."

"He is? I just heard in the messroom that he didn't propose attending—that he had an engagement to breakfast and was going in town."

"Ye-as, suh, ye-as, suh, Gen. Rosseau, suh, expects de lieutenant in to breakfast, but the moment he hyuhd 'twas review he ohdered me to git everything ready, suh. I's goin' for de bay colt now. Beg pahdon, captain, de lieutenant says is de captain goin' to wear gauntlets or gloves dis mawnin'? He wants to do just as de captain does, suh."

What a merciful interposition of Divine Providence it is that the African cannot blush! Capt. Cram looked suspiciously at the earnest, unwinking black face before him. Some memory of old college days flitted through his mind at the moment. "O Kunopes!" ("thou dog-faced one!") he caught himself muttering, but negro diplomacy was too much for him, and the innocence in the face of Ananias would have baffled a man far more suspicious. Cram was a fellow who loved his battery and his profession as few men loved before. He was full of big ideas in one way and little oddities in another. Undoubted ability had been at the bottom of his selection over the head of many a senior to command one of the light batteries when the general dismounting took place in '66. Unusual attractions of person had won for him a wife with a fortune only a little later. The fortune had warranted a short leave abroad this very year. (He would not have taken a day over sixty, for fear of losing his light battery). He had been a stickler for gauntlets on all mounted duty when he went away, and he came home converted to white wash-leather gloves because the British horse-artillery wore no other, "and they, sir, are the nattiest in the world." He could not tolerate an officer whose soul was not aflame with enthusiasm for battery duty, and so was perpetually at war with Waring, who dared to have other aspirations. He delighted in a man who took pride in his dress and equipment, and so rejoiced in Waring, who, more than any subaltern ever attached to "X," was the very glass of soldier fashion and mold of soldier form. He had dropped in at the bachelor mess just in time to hear some gabbling youngster blurt out a bet that Sam Waring would cut review and keep his tryst in town, and he had known him many a time to overpersuade his superiors into excusing him from duty on pretext of social claims, and more than once into pardoning deliberate absence. But he and the post commander had deemed it high time to block all that nonsense in future, and had so informed him, and were nonplussed at Waring's cheery acceptance of the implied rebuke and most airy, graceful and immediate change of the subject. The whole garrison was chuckling over it by night.

"Why, certainly, colonel," said he, "I have been most derelict of late during the visit of all these charming people from the north; and that reminds me, some of them are going to drive out here to hear the band this afternoon and take a bite at my quar-

[illegible] just on my way to beg Mrs. [illegible] and Mrs. Cram to receive for me when your orderly came. And, colonel, I want your advice about the champagne. Of course I needn't say I hope you both will honor me with your presence." Old Brax loved champagne and salad better than anything his profession afforded, and was disarmed at once. As for Cram, what could he say when the post commander dropped the matter? With all his

FOR SUMMER WEAR.

ALL STYLES OF HATS.

daring disregard of orders and established customs, with all his consummate sang-froid and what some called impudence and others "cheek," every superior under whom he had ever served had sooner or later become actually fond of Sam Waring—even stern old Rounds—"old Double Rounds" the boys called him, one of the martinets of the service, whose first experience with the fellow was as memorable as it was unexpected, and who wound up, after a vehement scoring of some two minutes' duration, during which Waring had stood patiently at attention with an expression of the liveliest sympathy and interest on his handsome face, by asking impressively: "Now, sir, what have you to say for yourself?"

To which, with inimitable mixture of suavity and concern, Sam replied: "Nothing whatever, sir. I doubt if anything more could be said. I had no adequate idea of the extent of my misdoing. Have I your permission to sit down, sir, and think it over?"

Rounds actually didn't know what to think, and still less what to say. Had he believed for an instant that the young gentleman was insincere, he would have had him in close arrest in the twinkling of an eye; but Waring's tone and words and manner were those of contrition itself. It was not possible that one of the boys should dare to be guying him, the implacable Rounds, "Old Grand Rounds" of the Sixth corps, old Double Rounds of the horse artillery of the Peninsula days. Mrs. Rounds had her suspicions when told of the affair, but was silent, for of all the officers stationed in and around the old southern city Sam Waring was by long odds the most graceful and accomplished dancer and german leader, the best informed on all manner of interesting matters—social, musical, dramatic, fashionable—the prime mover in garrison hops and parties, the connecting link between the families of the general and staff officers in town and the linesmen at the surrounding posts, the man whose dictum as to a dinner or luncheon and whose judgment as to a woman's toilet were most quoted and least questioned, the man whose word could almost make or mar an army girl's success; and good old Lady Rounds had two such encumbrances the first winter of their sojourn in the south, and two army girls among so many are subjects of not a little thought and care. If Mr. Waring had not led the second german with Margaret Rounds the mother's heart would have been well-nigh crushed. It was fear of some such catastrophe that kept her silent on the score of Waring's reply to her irate lord, for if Sam did mean to be impertinent, as he unquestionably could be, the colonel she knew would be merciless in his discipline and social amenities would be at instant end. Waring had covered her with maternal triumph and Margaret with bliss unutterable by leading the ante-Lenten german with the elder daughter and making her brief stay a month of infinite joy. The Rounds were ordered on to Texas, and Margaret's brief romance was speedily and properly forgotten in the devotions of a more solid if less fascinating fellow. To do Waring justice, he had paid the girl no more marked attention than he showed to anyone else. He would have led the next german with Genevieve had there been another to lead, just as he had led previous affairs with other dames and damsels. It was one of the ninety-nine articles of his social faith that a girl should have a good time her first season, just as it was another that a bride should have a lovely wedding, a belle at least one offer a month, a married woman as much attention at an army ball as could be lavished on a bud. He prided himself on the fact that no woman at the army parties given that winter had remained a wall-flower. Among such a host of officers as was there assembled during the years that followed on the heels of the war it was no difficult matter, to be sure, to find partners for the thirty or forty ladies who honored those occasions with their presence. Of local belles there were none. It was far too soon after the bitter strife to hope for bliss so great as that. There were hardly any but army women to provide for, and even the bulkiest and least attractive of the lot was led out for the dance. Waring would go to any length to see them on the floor but that of being himself the partner. There the line was drawn irrevocably. The best dancer among the men, he simply would not dance except with the best dancers among the women. As to personal appearance and traits, it may be said first that Waring was a man of slender, graceful physique, with singularly well-shaped hands and feet and a head and face that were almost too good-looking to be manly. Dark hazel eyes, dark brown hair, eyebrows, lashes, and a very heavy, drooping mustache, a straight nose, a soft, sensitive mouth with even white teeth that were, however, rarely visible, a clear-cut chin, and with it all a soft, almost languid southern intonation, musical, even ultra-refined, and he shrank like a woman from a coarse word or the utterance of an impure thought. He was a man whom many women admired, of whom some were afraid, whom many liked and trusted, for he could not be bribed to say a mean thing about one of their number, though he would sometimes be satirical to her very face. It was among the men that Sam Waring was hated or loved—loved, laughed over, indulged, even spoiled, perhaps, to any and every extent, by the chosen few who were his chums and intimates—and absolutely hated by a very considerable element that was prominent in the army in those queer old days—the army of officers, who, by reason of birth, antecedents, lack of education or of social opportunities, were wanting in those graces of manner and language to which Waring had been accustomed from earliest boyhood. His people were southerners, yet, not being slave owners, had stood firm for the union, and were exiled from the old home as a natural consequence in a war in which the south held all against who were not for her. Appointed a cadet and sent to the military academy in recognition of the loyalty of his immediate relatives, he was not graduated until the war was practically over, and then, gazetted to an infantry regiment, he was stationed for a time among the scenes of his boyhood, ostracized by his former friends and unable to associate with most of the war-worn officers among whom his lot was cast. It was a year of misery, that ended in long and dangerous illness, his final shipment to Washington on sick-leave, and then a winter of keen delight, a social campaign in which he won fame, honors, friends at court, and a transfer to the artillery and then, joining his new regiment, he plunged with eagerness into the gayeties of city life. The blues were left behind with the cold facings of his former corps, and hope, life, duty, were all blended in hues as roseate as his new straps were red. It wasn't a month before all the best fellows in the batteries swore by Sam Waring and all the others at him, so that where there were five who liked there were at least twenty who didn't, and these made up in quantity what they lacked in quality.

To sum up the situation, Lieut. Doyle's expression was perhaps the most comprehensive, as giving the views of the great majority: "If I were his K. O. and this crowd the coort, he'd 'a' been kicked out of the service months ago."

And yet, entertaining or expressing so hostile an opinion of the laughing lieutenant, Mr. Doyle did not hesitate to seek his society on many an occasion when he wasn't wanted, and to solace himself at Waring's sideboard at any hour of the day or night, for Waring kept what was known as "open house" to all comers, and the very men who wondered how he could afford it and who predicted his speedy swamping in a mire of debt and disgrace were the very ones who were most frequently to be found loafing about his gallery, smoking his tobacco and swigging his whisky, a pretty sure sign that the occupant of the quarters, however, was absent. With none of their number had he ever had open quarrel. Remarks made at his expense and reported to him in moments of bibulous confidence he treated with gay disdain, often to the manifest disappointment of his informant. In his presence even the most reckless of their number were conscious of a certain restraint. Waring, as has been said, detested foul language, and had a very quiet but effective way of suppressing it, often without so much as uttering a word. These were the rough days of the army, the very roughest it ever knew, the days that intervened between the incessant strain and tension of the four years' battling and the slow gradual resumption of good order and military discipline. The rude speech and manners of the camp permeated every garrison. The bulk of the commissioned force was made up of hard fighters, brave soldiers and loyal servants of the nation, to be sure, but as a class they had known no other life or language since the day of their muster-in. Of the line officers, stationed in and around this southern city in the lovely spring-tide of 18—, of a force aggregating twenty companies of infantry and cavalry, there were fifty captains and lieutenants appointed from the volunteers, the ranks, or civil life, to one graduated from West Point. The predominance was in favor of ex-sergeants, corporals or company clerks—good men and true when they wore the chevrons, but who, with a few marked and most admirable exceptions, proved to be utterly out of their element when promoted to a higher sphere. The entrance into their midst of Capt. Cram with his swell light battery, with officers and men in scarlet plumes and full-dress uniforms, was a revelation to the somber battalions whose officers had not yet even purchased their epaulettes and had seen no occasion to wear them. But when Cram and his lieutenants came swaggering about the garrison croquet ground in natty shell jackets, Russian shoulder knots, riding breeches, boots and spurs, there were not lacking those among the sturdy foot who looked upon the whole proceeding with great disfavor. Cram had two "rankers" with him when he came, but one had been transferred out in favor of Waring, and now his battery was supplied with the full complement of subalterns—Doyle, very much out of place, commanding the right section (as a platoon was called in those days), Waring commanding the left, Ferry serving as chief of caissons, and Pierce as battery adjutant and general utility man. Two of the officers were graduates of West Point and not yet three years out of the cadet uniform. Under these circumstances it was injudicious in Cram to sport in person the aiguillettes and thereby set an example to his subalterns which they were not slow to follow. With their gold hat-braids, cords, tassels and epaulettes, with scarlet plumes and facings, he and his officers were already much more gorgeously bedecked than were their infantry friends. The post commander, old Rounds, had said nothing, because he had had his start in the light artillery and might have lived and died a captain had he not pushed for a volunteer regiment and fought his way up to a division command and a lieutenant colonelcy of regulars at the close of the war, while his seniors who stuck to their own corps never rose beyond the possibilities of their arm of the service, and probably never will. But Braxton, who succeeded as post commander, knew that in European armies and in the old Mexican war days the aiguillette was ordinarily the distinctive badge of general officers or those empowered to give orders in their name. It wasn't the proper thing for a linesman—battery, cavalry or foot—to wear, said Brax, and he thought Cram was wrong in wearing it, even though some other battery officers did so. But Cram was just back from Britain.

Continued next week.

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A Frontier Farmer's Wife.

The woman who lives in cities can form no estimate of the work done day after day by the farmer's wife on the frontier, where are no convenient laundries, bakeries or stores where she could buy the ready made articles she is compelled to make for herself. It is unceasing work with her from early sunrise until long after the hours have grown small at night. She lights the fires for breakfast.

Nowhere is a man so completely lord and master as on the farm. His mother was a farmer's wife and lighted the fires; his wife shall do the same. While the kettle is boiling she does the milking, and cases are not rare where a farmer's wife milks as many as 8 or 10 cows twice a day. The milk is carried into the cellar in great heavy pails that would try a man's strength and she returns to the work of getting breakfast. During the progress of the meal she cannot sit back and eat and rest, as many do, but is kept jumping up and down waiting on the men folks and children. It is often a question to strangers who visit on the frontier if she ever gets a chance to eat at all. Then the children are to be started off to school, and though the credit of their education falls to the father it is the mother who does extra work that they may go, and who pulls them out of bed and starts them off in time every morning.

The milk is to be strained and put away crocks scalded, butter churned, and the dishes and chamber work still wait. Dinner and supper and afternoon work take up her day. Then in their turns throughout the week there are washing, ironing, baking every other day, scrubbing, sweeping sewing and mending. In harvest time she will have as many as 14 to cook for and does it all alone. It is seldon that a farmer feels that he can afford to hire help in the kitchen. She has the vegetable garden to see to. To brighten the dreariness of her life she has close to the seldom opened front door a bed of half starved looking flowers—old fashioned coxcomb, four o'clocks, grass pinks and a few other cheerful looking plants that will thrive under neglect. She makes everything that her family wears except hats and shoes. She has no time to think of rest or self.

It is in most cases her lot to welcome a new baby every other year, and the only time when help is employed to asisst her is for a period of two or three weeks when the little stranger arrives. The births of the babies are about all that vary the monotony of her life. Occasionally death calls and takes from her tired arms a little life and leaves in its place an added pain in her heart. She is old and tired out at 30.

When her daughters reach the age at which they could assist her, the dreary prospect of a frontier life appalls them, and they seek employment in town. Nothing in her house is of late improvement. Her washboard is of a kind her mother used, and her churn its heavy, clumsy build shows that it belongs to the same date. Improvement stalks all over the farm and leaves no trace in the kitchen. Her pleasures are few. The satisfaction that she is doing her best seems to be all that rewards her. She is a heroine in a calico dress, wrinkled and stoop shouldered—a woman with a burden who never complains. Late at night, when all the members of the family are in bed, a light will shine out across the prairie from the family living room. It is by this light the farmer's wife is doing her mending and sewing, and it will shine out long after the occasional travel that way has stopped, and no one but the one who blows it out knows at what honr the patient burden-bearer's labors cease.—Baltimore Herald.

The children's health must not be neglected. Cold in the head causes catarrh. Ely's Cream Balm cures at once. It is perfectly safe and is easily applied into the nostrils. The worst cases yielding to it. Price 50c.

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PENNSYLVANIA EXHIBITS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Are ahead of them all, chiefly among them is the display of pure liquors manufactured in the state. It is conceded that no rye whiskies made in the world can equal those made in Pennsylvania, more especially Silver Age, Duquense or Bear Creek. These three brands head the list of pure Ryes, and are so well known that every reputable dealer sells them. North East, South and West they lead all others, because they are pure; because they are reliable, and because they are stimulants that strengthen and invigorate. They are sold at prices wfthin the reach of all, and are sold upon their merits for purity and strength. Silver Age, $1.50; Duquense, $1.25; Bear Creek, $1.00, full standard quarts. Ask your dealer for them; insist on having them, and if you cannot be supplied, send to Max Klein, Allegheny, Pa. Price list of all liquors sent on application. All goods packed neatly and securely.

MAX KLEIN, Allegheny, Pa.

S. Schloss, Williamsport, Pa., Agent.

THE CONRAD BOYS.

When White Caps attacked the home of the Conrad boys out in Indiana the other night and dragged their mother and sister out and put ropes around their necks, the Conrad boys very properly fired up on them and killed five besides wounding several others. Now the friends of these White Caps swear they will either kill them or drive them out of the State. To this the Conrad boys make answer: "We were born here, and we won't leave. This is our home, and by.——we're going to live here."

This is strong language. It may pain, and shock some people. But, somehow, it has a sort of tendency to make the general public respect the Conrad boys. Reports go to show that they are tough citizens. Possibly they are not much, if any, tougher than their assailants. However flagrantly they may have violated the law before, they were decidedly within its pale when they defended their home, their mother, and sister and themselves against those who, in the name of law and order, were violating both. And they have spunk, and lots of it. They don't propose to leave their home at the mere bidding of moon light raiders. If the law is to be taken into the people's hands, they are going to have a hand in it too. In some ways the Conrad boys deserve encouragement. They may be bad medicine, but they have true American grit, and have also their uses. It is likely that they have done more to discourage White Cap expeditions in Indiana, and perhaps wherever they are common, than all the Grand Jury presentments that were ever made. Give the Conrad boys a chance! Pittsburg *Times*.

In Paint the best is the cheapest. Strictly Pure White Lead is best; properly applied it will not scale, chip, chalk, or rub off; it firmly adheres to the wood and forms a permanent base for repainting. Paints which peel or scale have to be removed by scraping or burning before satisfactory repainting can be done. When buying it is important to obtain

Strictly Pure White Lead

properly made. Time has proven that white lead made by the "Old Dutch" process of slow corrosion possesses qualities that cannot be obtained by any other method of manufacture. This process consumes four to six months time, and produces the brands that have given White Lead its character as the standard paint.

"Armstrong & McKelvy" "Beymer-Bauman" "Fahnestock" "Davis-Chambers"

are standard brands of strictly pure Lead made by the "Old Dutch" process. You get the best in buying them. You can produce any desired color by tinting these brands of white lead with National Lead Co.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors.

For sale by the most reliable dealers in Paints everywhere.

If you are going to paint, it will pay you to send to us for a book containing information that may save you many a dollar; it will only cost you a postal card to do so.

NATIONAL LEAD CO., 1 Broadway, New York. Pittsburgh Branch, National Lead and Oil Co. of Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh, Pa.

HUMPHREYS'

For Piles—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding; Fistula in Ano; Itching or Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns. The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequaled.

WITCH HAZEL OIL

For Boils, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Fistulas, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Chafing or Scald Head. It is Infallible.

For Inflamed or Caked Breasts and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable.

Price, 50 Cents. Trial size, 25 Cents.

Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., NEW YORK.

THE PILE OINTMENT

Garfield Tea Overcomes results of bad eating, Cures Constipation, Restores Complexion, Saves Doctors' Bills. Sample free. GARFIELD TEA CO., 329 W. 45th St., N.Y.

Cures Sick Headache

JURORS DRAWN FOR THE AUGUST COURT.

GRAND JURORS.

George Shimmel, miner, Philipsburg.
Jacob A. Crider, lumberman, Boggs twp.
L. M. Walker, farmer, Snow Shoe.
Foster Beatty, farmer, Howard twp.
John Summers, teamster, S Philipsburg.
James Butler, laborer, Howard borough.
E C Rowe, superintendent, Philipsburg.
Wesley Crain, laborer, Huston township.
David Murphy laborer, Huston township.
William Garner, farmer, Ferguson twp.
John Kenyon, clerk, Philipsburg.
Jacob Hicks, farmer, Half Moon twp.
John Carson, farmer, Patton township.
S. T. Lobaugh, printer, Centre Hall.
Albert L. Schaeffer, carpenter, Walker twp.
Amos Dunkle, carpenter, Howard borough
William Ross, mason, Rush township.
Philip Young, gentleman, Worth twp.
W. H. Reifsnyder, auctioneer, Millheim.
Frank Spatzer, miner, Rush township.
Clayton Etters, miller, College township.
F. D. Hosterman, farmer, Fregg twp.
Robt. J Haines, gentlemen Snow Shoe.
Chas Humphrey, laborer, Philipsburg.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

R. H. Crosthwait saddler, Spring twp.
Fred Robb, farmer, Liberty, twp.
George Hodellar, laborer, Burnside twp.
Henry F Bartley, carpenter, Bellefonte.
Calvin Wieland, coachmaker, Harris twp.
Clayton Brown, Jr., merchant, Bellefonte.
George Ream, farmer, Gregg twp.
D. P. Shirey, farmer, Union twp.
Daniel Royer, farmer, Miles.
Reuben Crone, chairmaker, Worth twp.
John Confer, clerk, Milesburg borough.
John J Orndorf, farmer, Haines twp.
Joel King, farmer Marion twp.
Charles Whitehill, laborer, College twp.
Elias Breon, carpenter, Spring twp.
Wm H Hartman, machinist, Millheim.
S M McMurtrie, brickmaker, Spring twp.
H C Meese, teacher, Benner, twp.
Morris Furey, farmer, Spring twp.
John Hagan, sawyer, Howard.
Sinclair Batchelor, drayman, Rush twp.
J E Royer, clerk, Potter twp.
Thomas McGowen, agent, Snow Shoe.
Amos Tyson, farmer Ferguson twp.
Andrew Lytle, farmer, College twp.
George E Mensch, laborer, Millheim.
Clement Dale, teacher, College twp.
Daniel Harte, laborer, Marion twp.
Richard O'Neal, laborer, Rush.
Charles Loraine, clerk, Philipsburg.
Vinton Beckwith, farmer, Taylor twp.
Charles Richards, jeweler, Bellefonte.
William Homan, carpenter, College twp.
Chas. F. Cook, book keeper, Bellefonte.
Calvin Meyer, farmer, College township.
Albert Hoy, gentleman, College "
J. N. Hall, farmer, Howard "
John Korman, laborer, Haines "
James C. Boal, justice, Centre Hall.
John Breon, farmer, Millheim.
Thos. M. Adams, farmer, Boggs township.
Allen Brickley, farmer, Curtin township.
Thomas M. Weaver, farmer, Spring twp.
Charles Kennedy, laborer, Rush twp.
Douglas Waugh, laborer, Philipsburg.
Wilson Heaton, laborer, Boggs township.
Jas. M. Hartswick, teacher, Ferguson twp.
William Wasson, farmer, Patton twp.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Isaac Beher, farmer, Half Moon.
A. F. Markle, butcher, College twp.
Augustus Newman, merchant, Milesburg.
John C. Marks, laborer, Taylor twp.
W. R. Haynes, farmer, Snow Shoe.
Geo. Blowers, undertaker, Sth Philipsburg.
A. Y. Casanova, gentleman, Philipsburg.
H. D. Showers, farmer, Walker twp.
Wm. Brackbill, furniture dealer Bellefonte.
Lemuel Bierly, musician, Boggs township.
J. H. Lutz, laborer, Spring twp.
Geo. W. Gray, forgeman, Milesburg.
Orrie Miller, plasterer, Bellefonte.
Christian Buck, mill owner, Unionville.
Thomas Hazel, laborer, Walker twp.
Thos. A. Fye, laborer, Snow Shoe.
S. M. Buck, machinist, Bellefonte.
George Schoff, clerk, Bellefonte.
William Shope, laborer, Milesburg.
Scott Holter, teacher, Liberty twp.
Samuel Baisor, laborer, Patton township.
John Hunter, laborer, Liberty "
Ira Barger, carpenter, Gregg "
Jacob Baum, farmer, Penn "
W. H. Winkleblech, carpenter, Miles twp.
J. A. Kline, farmer, Ferguson twp.
Thomas Miles, roller, Milesburg.
Philip Leitzell, butcher, Millheim.
James Durst, farmer, Potter twp.
William Hutton, laborer, Rush township.
James Duck, farmer, Gregg "
Samuel Parker, blacksmith, Philipsburg.
Emanuel Peters, farmer College twp.
Rush Larimer, grocer, Bellefonte.
Oscar Holt, farmer, Burnside township.
James Noll, laborer, Milesburg.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

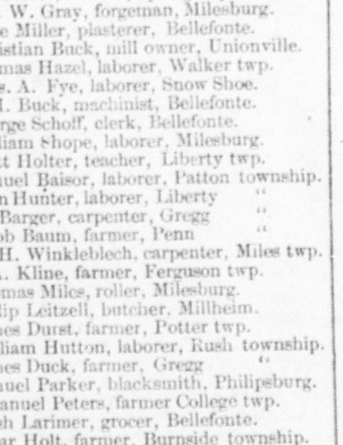
Ripans Tabules: standard remedy.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

It never fails to cure—MANNERS double extract SARSAPARILLA. 50c. everywhere

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

The only Double Extract Sarsaparilla is Manners. It's the best because it cures. Take no other. 50cts.



It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.00.

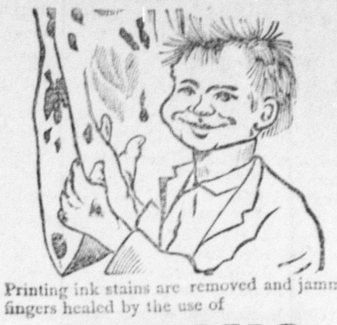
BETTON'S PILE SALVE

A Positive Cure FOR PILES.

In use over 50 years. Simple. Effective. Wonderful. Highest testimonials. At druggists, or mailed on receipt of price—50c. per box.

WINKELMANN & BROWN DRUG CO., Props., Baltimore, Md

Printers



Printing ink stains are removed and jammed fingers healed by the use of

KIRK'S DUSKY DIAMOND TAR SOAP

because of its high percentage of tar. ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

White Russian Soap Does Not Injure the Most Delicate Fabric.

SKIN DISEASES

Cured or no charge by BOYD'S OINTMENT.

Write for our system of cure.

A safe and SURE CURE for Eczema, Granulated Eye Lids, Scald Heads, Barber's Itch, Tetter, Pimples, Ring-worms, Erysipelas, Soft corns,

BURNING ITCHING PILES,

and all cutaneous eruptions.

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24-30-1y

Ripans Tabules: a family remedy.

Ripans Tabules: see advertisement.

Pitcher's Castoria.

CANN'S KIDNEY CURE

Cures Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Gravel, Nervousness, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases. Known by a tired, languid feeling; inaction of the kidneys weakens and poisons the blood and unless cause is removed you cannot have health. Cured me over five years ago of Brights Disease and Dropsy—MRS. I. L. C. MILLER, Bethlehem, Pa. 1,000 other similar testimonials. Try it. Cure guaranteed.

CANN'S KIDNEY CURE CO., 720 Venango St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Sold by all Reliable Druggists. 24,14,26t.eow

KEEP COOL

inside, outside, and all the way through, by drinking

HIRES' Root Beer

This great Temperance drink; is as healthful, as it is pleasant. Try it.

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Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO. OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

DR. THEEL,

538 North Fourth St., below Green, Philadelphia (EIN DEUTSCHER ARZT). After the self-styled great and famous specialists, the hospital and college professors and family physicians, and the different Quacks with their most wonderful discoveries have failed to cure you of Syphilis, Blood Poison, Scrofula, Strictures, Ulcers, Sore Throat, Discharges, Boils, Swellings, Loss of Power and Decay, the Effects of Indiscretion, Debility, want of Confidence, Night Dreams, Shrunken Organs, Piles, Lost Manhood, Hydrocele, Rupture, CATARRH, then consult DR. THEEL, or send five 2-ct. stamps for book "Truth," exposing every form of quackery in medicine. Hours: Daily, 9 to 3; ev'gs, 6 to 8; Wed. and Sat. ev'gs, 6 to 10; Sundays, 9 to 12; afternoon, 2 to 8. Fresh cases cured in 4 to 10 days. Relief at once. Write or call. Utmost secrecy guaranteed. The best-equipped offices in America. AVOID home-cure swindle and free consultation and guarantees and cheap poisonous treatment; they are dangerous and misleading, and ruin thousands. Write or call.

WE WANT YOU

to act as our agent. We furnish an expensive outfit and all you need free. It costs nothing to try the business. We will treat you well, and help you to earn ten times ordinary wages. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Any one any where can earn a great deal of money. Many have made Two Hundred Dollars a Month. No class of people in the world are making so much money without capital as those at work for us. Business pleasant, strictly honorable, and pays better than any other offered to agents. You have a clear field, with no competition. We equip you with everything, and supply printed directions for beginners which, if obeyed faithfully, will bring more money than will any other business. Improve your prospects! Why not? You can do so easily and surely at work for us. Reasonable industry only necessary for absolute success. Pamphlet circular giving every particular is sent free to all. Delay not in sending for it.

GEORGE STINSON & CO., Box No. 488, Portland, Me.

RUPTURE! Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer 821 Arch St. Phila. Pa. Ease at once. No operation or business delay. Thousands of cures. Dr. Mayer is at Hotel Penn, Reading, Pa., second Saturday of each month. Send for circulars. Advice free.

RAILROADS.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Dec. 19, 1892.

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	A.M	P.M
			WESTWARD	
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 25	4 15
Flemington—f	1.8	4 43	9 29	4 18
Mill Hall	3.0	4 46	9 31	4 21
Beech Creek	8.3	4 56	9 42	4 33
Eagleville—f	9.9	4 59	9 45	4 45
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 54	4 50
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	10 02	4 57
Curtin	19.9	5 18	10 09	5 05
Milesburg	23.5	5 25	10 18	5 15
BELLEFONTE	25.2	5 35	10 28	5 25
Milesburg	25.5	5 45	10 38	5 38
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	5 48	10 45	5 45
Unionville	28.5	5 56	10 51	5
Julian	32.9	6 05	11 00	5
Martha	37.0	6 13	11 09	5
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	11 17	6
Hannah—f	43.7	6 28	11 25	6
Fowler—f	49.0	6 39	11 39	6
Dix—f	49.3	6 32	11 32	6
Bald Eagle	49.5	6 33	11 33	6
Vail	51.2	6 42	11 43	6
East Tyrone	53.0	6 45	11 46	6
TYRONE	54.3	6 52	11 55	6

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	P. M.	P.M.
		EASTWARD		
TYRONE		8 10	3 10	7 2
East Tyrone	1.3	8 17	3 17	7 2
Vail	3.1	8 29	3 20	7 5
Bald Eagle	5.0	8 25	3 24	7 33
Dix—f	8.0	8 30	3 30	7 45
Fowler—f	9.3	8 32	3 33	7 48
Hannah—f	10.6	8 36	3 37	7 52
Port Matilda	13.9	8 43	3 44	7 59
Martha	17.3	8 51	3 52	8 07
Julian	21.4	8 59	4 01	8 16
Unionville	25.8	9 10	4 10	8 25
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 18	4 17	8 32
Milesburg	30.8	9 22	4 20	8 35
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 32	4 30	8 45
Milesburg	33.8	9 47	4 40	9 00
Curtin	34.4	9 56	4 46	9 07
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	10 02	4 50	9 13
Howard	39.8	10 09	4 57	9 22
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 17	5 15	9 30
Beech Creek	45.0	16 20	5 08	9 33
Mill Hall	51.3	10 31	5 19	9 44
Flemington	52.5	10 34	5 24	9 47
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	10 37	5 25	9 50

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.—Time Table in effect Dec. 19th, 1892.

Westward P.M	Westward A.M	Stations	Dis.	Eastward A.M	Eastward P.M
4 50	10 00	SCOTIA	25.6	9 21	4 40
5 05	10 18	5.3 Fairbrook	20.3	9 09	4 25
5 15	10 28	8.7 Penns. Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 15
5 21	10 34	10.6 Hostler	15.0	8 50	4 08
5 26	10 46	12.5 Marengo	18.0	8 43	4 01
5 32	10 52	13.5 Loreville	17.1	8 37	3 75
5 39	10 58	15.2 Furnace Road	16.4	8 31	3 49
5 43	11 02	15.8 Dungarvin	9.8	8 27	3 44
5 55	11 19	18.2 Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 28
6 03	11 29	20.5 Pennington	5.1	8 10	3 20
6 15	11 32	23.5 Stover	2.1	7 58	3 9
6 25	11 40	25.6 TYRONE		7 05	3 18

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Dec. 19 1892.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 10.35 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.16 p m.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.09 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.59 p m.

Leaves Bellefont at 5.25 p m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.06 p m.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Dec. 19th, 1892.

Dis.	Westward			Eastward		
	a.m.	p.m.		a.m.	p.m	
.0	5.40	2.00	MONTANDON	5.59	9.10	4 55
1.5	6.15	2.08	Ar..LEWISBURG..Lv	5.20	9.05	4 47
1.5	6.15	2.08	Lv..LEWISBURG..Ar		9.00	4 47
5.6	6.23	2.17	Biehl f		8.52	4.39
6.8	6.28	2.22	Vicksburg f		8.47	4.35
10.7	6.37	2.31	MIFFLINBURG		8.38	4 27
13.1	6.42	2.36	Barber f		8.33	4 22
15.2	6.47	2.41	Swengle f		8.27	4 17
16.1	7.50	2.45	Millmont		8.25	4.15
18.8	7.58	2.51	GLEN IRON		8.17	4 07
23.5	7.07	3.00	Pardee f		8.08	3.59
28.9	7.18	3.11	Cherry Run f		7.57	3.48
32.3	7.25	3.20	Paddy Mt. Tunnel f		7.48	3.40
33.9	7.31	3.26	Ingleby f		7.45	3.37
36.5	7.38	4.59	Coburn		7.38	3.30
39.6	7.45	4.37	Zerby f		7.30	3.23
42.4	7.55	4 47	Rising Springs		7.21	3.14
46.2	8.02	4 53	Penn's Cave f		7.14	3.07
49.2	8.09	4.01	CENTRE HALL		7.06	3.01
51.5	8.16	4.07	Gregg f		7.00	2.54
54.6	8.23	4.13	Linden Hall		6.52	2 47
56.7	8 29	4.18	OAK HALL		6.47	2 42
58.3	8.32	4.22	LEMONT		6.43	2 37
60.2	8.37	4.27	Dale Summit f		6.38	2 33
63.9	8 47	4 37	Pleasant Gap f		6 28	2 23
65.2	8 50	4 40	Axeman f		6.20	2 20
67.4	8 55	4 45	BELLEFONTE		6.23	2.15

For rates, maps, etc., call on ticket agent or address Thos. E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 110 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

S. M. PREVOST, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Monday, April 4th, 1892, trains will run as follows, leaving the Pennsylvania Railroad station.

EASTWARD						WESTWARD					
12	10	8	1	2			1	3	7	9	11
pm	pm	pm	am	am	Ar	Lv	am	am	pm	pm	pm
6 25		3 50		9 05	Bellefont	6 30		10 30		4 40	
6 28		3 44		8 50	Coleville	6 37		10 35		4 45	
6 25		3 41		8 56	Morris	6 40		10 38		4 48	
6 22		3 38		8 52	Whitmer	6 44		10 43		4 51	
6 19		3 35		8 49	Linns	6 47		10 46		4 54	
6 17		3 33		8 47	Hunters	6 50		10 48		4 56	
6 14		3 31		8 44	Filmore	6 53		10 52		5 00	
6 11		3 28		8 40	Sellers	6 57		10 56		5 03	
6 09		3 26		8 38	Briarly	7 00		10 58		5 05	
6 05	6 00	3 23	8 25	8 36	Waddle	7 05	7 10	11 01	5 10	5 10	
6 02	5 50	3 20	8 20	8 30	Mattern J	7 08	7 14	11 03	5 13	5 12	
	5 46		8 17		Graysdale		7 19		5 16		
	5 43		8 12		Mattern		7 24		5 20		
	5 40		8 05		Stormstown		7 29		5 23		
	5 35		8 00		Red Bank		7 35		5 30		
5 51		3 08		8 18	Krumr'ne	7 21		11 13		5 24	
5 48		3 05		8 14	Struble	7 24		11 17		5 27	
5 45		3 00		8 10	St. College	7 30		11 20		5 30	

Train 2 connects with trains east and west on B. E. V. R. R. and S. S. branch, and train 8 connects with train east on B. E. V. R. R.

THOMAS A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 18th, 1892.

	WESTWARD.		
ERIE MAIL leaves Phila daily		11 20	p m
" " Harrisburg		3 33	a m
" " William'port		7 10	a m
" " Jersey Shore		7 31	a m
" " Lock Haven		7 55	a m
" " Renovo		8 55	a m
" arrives Erie		3 40	p m
NIAGRA EX. l'ves Phila week d'ys		8 50	a m
" " Harrsburg		12 10	p m
" arrives at Winsport		3 00	p m
" " Lock Haven		4 10	p m
" " Renovo		5 15	p m
" " Kane		9 20	p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		5 15	p m
FAST LINE leaves Phila. week days		11 40	a m
" " Harrisburg		3 45	p m
" " Williamsport		7 10	p m
" arrives at Lock Haven		8 02	p m
" " Renovo		9 00	p m
NEWS EX. l'ves Philadelphia daily		4 30	a m
" " Harrisburg		8 10	a m
" " Williamsport		11 20	a m
" arrives at Lock Haven		12 15	p m
Wms'port Ex. l'ves Phila. week days		4 35	p m
" " Harrisburg		7 55	p m
" arrive Williamsport		10 40	p m
Rochester Exp. leaves Phila. w'k d's		9 20	p m
" " Harrisb'g		12 30	a m
" " arrives Williamsp't		3

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type)	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash. EDWARD T. TUTEN.

REPUBLICAN DELEGATE ELECTION AND COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Republicans of Centre County will meet at their respective voting places, in the several election districts in the county on Saturday, August 19th, 1893, for the purpose of electing delegates to the county convention. The delegates chosen at that time will meet in convention at the Court House in Bellefonte on Tuesday, August 22nd, 1893, at 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of nominating one candidate for Sheriff, one candidate for Treasurer, two candidates for County Commissioner, one candidate for Register, one candidate for Recorder, two candidates for Auditors, one candidate for Coroner and one candidate for County Surveyor; and to elect a chairman of the county committee for the year 1894, also to transact such other business as may come before the convention. Under the rules of the party the number of delegate to which each precinct is entitled is as follows:

NUMBER OF DELEGATES.

Bellefonte, N W	6	Haines, East P	1
" S. W	4	" West P	2
" W. W	3	Halfmoon	3
Centre Hall	1	Harris	2
Howard Boro	2	Howard Twp	3
Millheim	1	Huston	3
Milesburg	3	Liberty	4
Philipsburg—1st W	3	Marion	1
" 2d. W	4	Miles	3
" 3d. W	3	Patton	3
Unionville	2	Penn	1
Benner Twp	3	Potter North P	1
Boggs East P	2	" South P	2
" West P	4	Rush North P	4
" North	2	" South P	2
Burnside	2	Snow Shoe East P	4
College East P	4	" West P	2
" West P	2	Spring North P	3
Curtin	1	" South P	3
Ferguson, East P	2	" West P	3
North P	3	Taylor	2
Gregg, North P	1	Union	3
" East P	1	Walker	3
" West P	1	Worth	3
Totat number of delegates			121
Necessary to choice in nomination			61

The primary election for delegates will be held under the supervision of the district committeemen, who will see that the proper election officers are designated and in attendance.

In the Boroughs of Bellefonte, Howard, Centre Hall, Milesburg, Millheim, Philipsburg, Unionville and South Philipsburg, and in the Townships of Howard, Potter, Snow Shoe, Union, Rush, Spring, Boggs, Worth, Harris and Ferguson the polls will open at 7 p. m. and close at 9 p. m., and in the remaining districts will open at 2 p. m. and close at 4 p. m.

WILBUR F. REEDER, Chairman.
W. L. MALIN, Sec.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.

Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman, Bellefonte
W. L. Malin, Secretary. "
H. P. Harris, Ass't Secretary "
H. C. Quigley, " "

DISTRICT.	NAME.	ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N W	W I. Fleming	Bellefonte
" S W	J A Aikens	"
" W W	S. H. Williams	"
Centre Hall boro	B F Brisbin	Centre Hall
Howard "	Robert Cooke Jr.	Howard
Milesburg "	John Confer	Milesburg
Millheim "	J F Harter	Millheim
Philipsburg	1 W S S Crissman	Philipsburg
"	2 Geo Lamb	Philipsburg
"	3 W Capt Harry Simler	"
South Philipsburg boro	M. Stover,	Philipsb'g
Unionville "	Riley Pratt	Fleming
Benner Twp	Jos. H Marshall	Bellefonte
Boggs Twp E P	J M Parker	Roland
Boggs Twp W P	C P Stonerode	Milesburg
Boggs Twp N P	Jacob Yarnell	Milesburg
Burnside Twp	Delon G. Stewart	Mosbannon
College Twp E P	Wm Thompson Jr	Lemont
College Twp W P	Philip D Foster	State Coll.
Curtin "	William Robb	Romola
Ferguson Twp E P	Claudius B Hess	Fairbrook
Ferguson "	J A Sunday	"
Gregg " N P	Isaac Smith	Farmers Mills
Gregg " S P	John D Long	Spring Mills
Gregg " E P.	Jos. K. Bitner.	Penn Hall
Haines " E P	Chas Bressler	Fiedler
Haines " W P	James P Coburn	Aaronsb'g
Half Moon "	Cyrus W Hunter	Stormstown
Harris "	Scott Bricker	Boalsburg
Howard "	N. G. Fletcher	Howard
Huston "	Ira F Davis	Julian
Liberty "	D M Burlew	Blanchard
Marion "	E P Bennison	Walker
Miles "	Ruben Goimen	Wolfs Store
Patton "	George F Stevenson	Buf'lo Run
Penn "	Same Rearick	Coburn
Potter Twp N P	Andrew Gregg	Centre Hall
Potter " S P	Alexander McCoy	Pot'rs Mills
Rush " N P	David Kinkead	Philipsburg
Rush " S P	Alexander Miller.	Sandy Ridge
SnowShoe E P	Alfred Lucas	SnowShoe
SnowShoe W P	John A Yeager	Moshannon
Spring Twp N P	John G Dubbs	Bellefonte
Spring " S P	M F Riddle	Pleasant Gap
Spring " W P	W H Poorman	Bellefonte
Taylor "	John Weaver	Port Matilda
Union "	B W Shipley	Fleming
Walker "	O P Wilson	Hublersburg
Worth "	S R. Pringle	Port Matilda

LETTER LIST

Following are the letters uncalled for in the post-office, Bellefonte, Pa., August 14, 1893.

F. R. Babcock; Miss Carrie Bell; Geo. Everhart; A. H. Mrs. Eliza Myers; M. A. Miller: D. H. Martin; John W. O'Connor; E. H. Parshley; F. H. Schrader; Joseph Smith; Mrs. Francis Stoner; Will C. Thompson.

When called for please say advertised.

J. A. FIEDLER, P. M.

—The last day to get registered is Sept 2nd. Every voter should bear this in mind and see that his name is on the list.

CLEVELAND'S PANIC.

Which Caused the President's Pulp Mill in Wisconsin to Shut Down With the Rest.

"'Tis extraordinary and alarming," the way
that things now go;
At least so says great Grover, and he surely
ought to know;
For despite evasive blather he cannot help
but frown—
As he feels it for himself,
When
His
Mill
Shut
Down!

We must have fibre paper to print our news
upon,
So Grover with some others into that trade
has gone;
But distrust about the tariff has settled on
the town—
And he knows it now himself,
When
His
Mill
Shut
Down!

O! partner of great Adlai, old rags are cheap
abroad,
You know that import takes are a swindle
and a fraud;
So let them send their paper here and turn
the tariff down—
You'll learn more about it
When
Your
Mill
Shuts
Down!

It snowed the very next day, for the patriots
wanted change,
They got it and the way that storm still
rages is quite strange;
If it snows for four years steady in the country
and in town—
'Twill make no dif to you at least,
When
Your
Mill's
Shut
Down!

PITHY AND PERTINENT.

The Striking and Effective Speech of Thomas Dolan at the Clover Club.

The following is the pungent speech of Mr. Thomas Dolan at the Clover Club dinner last November which attracted wide attention at the time and which will be re-read with special interest just now:—

"You asked me 'why it snowed the next day?'" he began. "If you want an answer I will give it to you. But I must give it to you in plain terms, for I am not an orator and can speak in no other way. It snowed the next day because of the duplicity of the Democratic campaign.

IT SNOWED BECAUSE OF THE LYING.

"It has been said that the late campaign was void of personalities and mud-slinging. I am glad of the opportunity of saying to the responsible men gathered here that I never saw a campaign where there was such stupendous lying and trickery, and calumy and vituperation of a certain respectable class of men. The campaign may have been free of mud-slinging as regards the candidates, but the manufacturers of the country—some of those here to-night—were held up as thieves and robbers who are stealing what belongs to labor. The very class who are giving labor its employment and are seeking to assure it good wages were assailed and denounced by Democratic orators as its worst enemies. The democratic press is very largely responsible for the result of the election. It was full of abuse of those who have done their best to build up the prosperity of the country. There never was more unscrupulous lying than there has been in the dishonest and demagogic attempt to array class against class. I thought the lying was so transparent that it needed no contradiction, but it was because this persistent lying imposed on the people, for the time being that it snowed the next day.

"Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Dobson, Mr. Pollock and myself have been called robber barons and monopolists. We have never bought elections or Legislatures or Congresses as has been charged. The Democratic news papers falsely placing us, have directly opposed us with the workingmen and the farmers. We are the fast friends of the workingmen. We pay them wages every week, and our work supports them. Democratic newspapers have deceived the people. They have practically taught anarchy. There is only one way of looking at the matter. A loom here will not do any more than a loom in England. Protection is wages and that's all there is about it. Now, then, if protection is taken away and we are forced to lower wages, what then? The Democratic newspapers have planted a feeling of distrust, of discontent, among the working people, and they will look to us, not to them, for redress.

"I am not 'blue' over the result. I am disappointed that the people allowed themselves to be hoodwinked and deceived. I can take care of myself, and if my goods cannot be manufactured at a profit here, why, I can manufacture them elsewhere. You cannot better the condition of a workingman by reducing the profits of an employer. Democratic newspapers and orators say that the Democratic policy is not toward free trade. The Chicago platform indicates that it is. Then, repudiating that, they declare Grover Cleveland has a platform of his own. Why, then, if he did not believe in the platform, did he accept the nomination? That was dishonest. One must judge a party by its platform. I tell you the people have been lied to and tricked, but four years hence they will wipe out their mistake. They will find out just how much free trade, threatened or real, affects their daily life.

THE WAY TO SUCCESS OPEN.

"Is it a crime to amass riches, to build factories and employ men and support charities? Not outside the Democratic press and the minds of Democrtic politicians. The methods by which Mr. Carnegie became rich are not patented, and the road is open to every man in his employ, in mine or in yours. There isn't a person in my employ who hasn't a better chance than I had. Protection has changed the entire character of the female mill employees within the last thirty years. Then no strictly respectable woman would take employment in a mill. The same statement might be made generally about the big English mill districts, even at this date. What do we see here now? In Kensington you will find the best female element in the mills—women who dress well, behave well, are cheerful, honest and pure; take as great pleasure and interest in church and other works as other women far above them—as the world views women. Good wages accomplish results like these, and good wages arise from protection.

"Free wool has been a Democratic slogan, and the orators have talked to the workingmen about it, saying that they would get clothing at about half price. I asked a great Democratic editor now dining at this board as to this matter. 'That suit you are wearing,' I said 'cost $75; if we had free wool what difference, think you, would be in the cost?" He replied: 'I suppose I could get it for about $50.' He professed to know all about the tax on wool. I told him the tax on wool was 10 cents and 11 cents a pound respectively for the two grades. "Now, then,' I said, 'it takes exactly nine pounds of wool to make a suit such as you are wearing, and the greatest difference in the price of the suit could only be exactly 99 cents—that is all.' Yet the editor went right on preaching to the workingmen the enormous reduction in the price of clothing that would follow free wool. The same system of duplicity, of lying, characterized the campaign throughout."

Mr. Dolan concluded his unpremeditated off-hand talk by prophesying that "it would not snow" four years hence the day after election.

STOP THE DISASTER.

When a house is on fire it is time for action, not deliberation. When the nation is in the throes of financial and commercial disaster, the cause of the evil must be stamped out at once.—*New York Herald, August 4.*

The *Herald* is right. This nation "is in the throes of financial and commercial disaster," which has been and still is being experienced throughout the length and breadth of the land. Mines and factories have been closed and are being closed. Industries are paralyzed and the progress of the country has been checked.

The effect of "the throes of financial and commercial disaster," though not first experienced in New York City, has, however, reached there. We have it on the undoubted authority of that great Democratic and Free-Trade paper, the New York *Herald*. The *Herald* states "that the nation is in the throes of financial and commercial disaster." The *World* also Democratic proves it by statistics of unemployed trade-union labor in that city, and the *Herald* says: "The cause of the evil must be stamped out at once."

The *World* published, August 4, "the statistics obtained from 57 trades in New York City," which "show that 36,177 men are out of employment in these trades alone. They represent only a part and not the full extent of the trouble which has come to the working classes in consequence of the financial depression."

It being agreed by both of these great exponents of Free-Trade that disaster does exist, and, as the *World* points out, in referring to this army of unemployed, that "these are the victims upon whom the evils of financial disturbance fall with most terrible weight," it only remains, as the *Herald* says, that "the cause of the evil must be stamped out at once."

"The cause of the evil" lies in the election of a Congress controlled by men pledged to Tariff reform; pledged to tamper with or change our existing customs duties; pledged to break down the Protection that has been accorded to American workmen for thirty years past—pledges that, if carried out, will revolutionize the entire economic conditions of the United States; that will smash up the manufactories that do now exist; that will prevent the establishment of more; that will check the prosperity of the country; and that will deprive American wage earners of the opportunity of earning an honest living. As the *World* says: "To them the situation means hunger and homelessness for wives and widows."

It is just the condition that has been brought about by the votes of the people, who, in November of last year, were anxious to try the experiment of a political change. They got what they voted for. They have the change. This evil has already gone far enough. It can be checked, and promptly, by the political party now in power. The people who vote for the change has already seen the grievous mistake that they made. Let the President then announce that Protection to the United States, Protection to its industries Protection to its wage earners, Protection to its home and happiness will not and must not be interfered with. As the *Herald* says: "The cause of the evil must be stamped out at once." Let the Free-Trade President then speak at once.

The many truthful testimonials in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla prove that Hoon's CURES, even when all others fail Try it now.

CUTTING PENSIONS DOWN.

Private Timberclain Hasa Word to Say on the Subject With Hoke Smith.

Another day of crashing banks, of mills a-shutting down
From rock-ribbed old New England to Kansas prairies brown;
For idle men in cities, and idle men on farms,
More reinforcements of idle men in empty handed swarms;
But midst the crash and roar and shriek of the cyclone's fiercest power
Comes Eckels' reassuring squeak: "It's only a passing shower!"
While quick to see and strong to save, cries Hoke of great renown:—
"Fear not; I'll bring you through the storm; I'm cutting the pensions down."

I mind the recruiting office, and the day I entered its door,
And walked myself under the "standard stick"—just five feet three from the floor;
My scalp lock didn't quite reach it, but the Captain laughed and said;—
"All right! You'll do: some day, my boy, your size may save your head,"
They 'listed me then, and swore me in—"three years or for the war;"
They didn't examine us very close from 'Sixty one to 'Four;
The money the country was spending then was treasure of flesh and blood,
And nobody called it a "drizzle," that deep, dark crimson flood;
Every time that a note was paid, a soldier's life was gone;
On some hearthstone the fire went out; some home-light was withdrawn,
But that was the price of the nation's life—it was paid without a frown—
"And that was enough," the President says, "so we're cutting the pensions down."

The battery crowned the hill-top with a coronet of flame;
Shrieking shrappel and bursting shell from the smoke-wreathed crater came:
From long gray lines of infantry, with bayonet's glistening gleam
Lightning flashes of death shot out in quivering, thundering stream;
Braver soldiers in any cause ne'er faced a foeman's ire
Than the men who smote our charging line with storm of steel and fire;
But over the plain and up the hill we swept with ringing cheers
And poured out our blood on the leaping flames, when we reached the cannoneers;
We quenched them thus, as black as night, nor recked what the cost might be,
For the dying smiled and the wounded cheered the Union's victory.
Twas pleasanter living in Buffalo then, to neither get shot, nor to shoot,
But to go to the war vicariously, by hiring a substitute;
Safer to wait till grim-faced war had smoothed his wrinkled frown,
Then call in the man whose guns we took, to cut our pensions down.

Well, times have changed in thirty years; the war is fought and done;
A man past fifty ain't half so brisk as a youngster of twenty-one;
Hancock is dead, and Burnside, and Meade; Logan and Little Phil;
"Old Tecumseh," and "Little Mac;" Custer and dauntless "Kil;"
Hooker and Grant—it's hard to think that he's been dead eight years—
Our best and strongest and truest friends have passed from our cries and cheers;
The rank and file is standing alone as never we stood before,
And our foes to-day are the self-same men they were in the days of war;
The fellows whose guns we used to spike, the chaps in the butternut brown,
Are saying; "We've got you fellows now, and we'll cut your pensions down."

One thing about the pensioners if I know where we're at—
There are not many men draw pensions on account of being too fat;
You don't want glass-eyed surveyors to subdivide your farm,
And I find it mighty uneasy to plow with a wooden peg for an arm;
I'd give five times my pension for the arm I used to wear,
But I can't find a man in the cabinet with a good right arm to spare;
I've a neighbor who draws a pension for a husband thirty years dead,
But she'd pay the Government twice as much for the husband she lost, instead;
I read a little while ago, of a horse down East that sold
For twenty thousand dollars, spot cash, and paid in gold,
And a cow that brought nigh half as much and a hundred-dollar beg,
And somewhere in Pennsylvania there's a five thousand dollar dog;
But human flesh is a cheaper thing; the market is overstocked,
And so the ray of the pensioner is being smartly docked!
Obesity is a dread disease, on which our doctors frown—
"So, I'll give 'em some anti-fat," says Hoke, "and cut their pensions down."

It's easy to estimate the loss that falls on another man,
Any one better bears the pain than the fellow who feels it can;
It's easy to sneer at a pensioner; to say:
"Why, here, if you fought
For money you've been paid already, ail, and more than you ought."
I'd like to get one of these fellows and tie him against a tree
Out in a good level meadow, say two hundred yards out—or three—
And pay him his thirteen dollars down—a private's monthly pay—
To let me shoot at him now and then, say three or four times a day;
I think when I'd had one crack at him, his widow might come to town
And ask Hoke Smith to be kind enough to cut her pension down.

THRIFTY INDIANS IN IDAHO.

Cœur d' Alenes and Spokanes Growing Rich as Farmers and Herders.

SEATTLE, Washington.—The good people of the East who still imagine that the Indians of the West are mere helpless children, victims of the vices and the greed of the white men, will have their eyes opened by reading the report of Sub-Agent J. J. Walsh, of the Cœur d' Alene Reservation, in Idaho, just across the line from Washington.

There are 457 Cœur d' Alenes and 44 Spokanes living on the reservation, and they are divided into 138 families, owning 155 houses. The large number of houses is explained by the fact that some of the Indians have built what they call "Sunday houses" at DeSmet Mission in addition to their farmhouses. These are occupied when they attend church on Saturday nights and Sundays. There are among them 88 school children of ages ranging from nine to eighteen years.

These Indians last year received nearly $500,000 from the Government for their lands, and are consequently making many permanent improvements. At least a dozen nice houses and Sunday houses are being erected on the reservation and at the mission. A sawmill is building by the Government and will soon be finished, and then the Indians will erect large barns, granaries and other buildings. There is still $150,000 due from the Government, of which $30,000 is being expended on the sawmill; the balance is to be paid in fifteen annual instalments of $8,000 each. This, with interest, will give $60 to each family living on the reservation.

Many of the Cœur d' Alenes are wealthy, having from $1,000 to $5,000 deposited in the banks at Spokane or Tekoa, Wash., or with the merchants. In fact, the tribe is the richest in the Northwest.

Last year the tribe had 4,800 acres under cultivation, and sold $18,000 worth of farm produce and stock. They also built 60 houses at a cost of $30,000, and built 900 miles of barbed wire fence. This year they have 13,000 acres under crop, or nearly 100 acres for each family, and have about 192,000 acres fenced.

Agent Walsh says the Cœur d' Alenes are good farmers and take good care of their crops, stock and machinery. They have comfortable houses, good barns and sheds wherein to store their machinery when not in use, thus setting a good example to their white brethren, many of whom leave their farm implements out in the fields or fence corners. They cultivate the ground well, and their crops give promise of an abundant yield. They are thrifty, industrious, and generally sober.

Chief Saltese, who lives at the mission and has a court room there, is Judge and jury, and his word is law in all cases. Drunkenness is punished by fine or imprisonments in the "skookum house" or jail, or by lashes on the back. Adultery is punished by from 50 to 170 lashes on the bare back, administered with a quirt by an Indian policeman, or the guilty person is confined in the skookum house for from ten to sixty days. Only the males are punished for this offense, the squaws being held free from all blame. The reservation is patrolled by a force of mounted Indian policemen.

There are two stores conducted by full-blooded Indians at the mission, but most of the Indians and the proprietors of these stores buy their goods in Tekoa, paying cash for nearly everything, although a few are able to obtain credit. Few of them can compute figures, so they pay for each article as it is purchased instead of waiting until the entire order is filled and then paying the bill. The other day an Indian was seen to purchase $150 worth of goods at a store, and he paid for each article separately as it was bought and laid aside for him.

The Indians prefer stock raising to farming, though they are taking kindly and successfully to the latter occupation. They have abont 9,000 horses and 1,500 cattle on the reservation and many of their horses are valuable and their teams all good. They drive to town in hacks, covered carriages and carts, never going in wagons except when they take grain or other produce.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Mrs. C. H. Titus

"Every Dose Helps Me

When I take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I think it the best medicine for the blood. My six-year-old boy had sores on his feet, caused by POISON IVY. They became so large and painful he could not wear his shoes. A week after I began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla the sores began to heal up and disappear, and when he had taken two bottles he was entirely cured." MRS. C. H. TITUS, South Gibson, Pa.

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists. 25c.

The Repair Shop of the Human System is the LIVER.

If it is Kept Active HEALTH will result IF NOT—DISEASE.

Manners DOUBLE EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA

Cures Liver Troubles by cleansing the blood Through the Bowels, the Natural Channel, and not through the Skin, thus driving out all Impurities.

50¢ PER BOTTLE.

THE WORLD OVER.

MFG. BY THE MANNERS SARSAPARILLA CO. BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

MRS. NETTIE A. RIVERS.

"With Heart quivering with Agony I realized that I must Die."

PHYSICIANS OF NO AVAIL!

Dana's Mighty to Save!

LAWRENCE, MASS., DANA SARSAPARILLA CO.,

Kind Benefactors:—I feel that I must tell you how much your SARSAPARILLA has benefited me. Some over two years ago I began to be troubled with a **deathly faint feeling** in my stomach, followed by a **burning sensation,** then a **violent Sick Headache** would set in and what I would suffer I can never describe—this continued for some time then my **sick Headache** would be **followed by fainting spells,** which left me just the **breath of life.** I lost flesh until I weighed but **62 lbs.** Could take only **weak beef tea,** or a little **chicken broth** into my stomach, and sometimes even that would **distress me.** My husband used every dollar he could spare in employing the **best Physicians,** but to no avail; they could not help me. **Completely discouraged.** I looked upon my husband and little child, and with my heart **quivering** with **agony I realized that I must die.**

GUARANTEED CURE

One day a package of your Papers was left at the house—I read them—a ray of hope seemed to appear. I got a bottle. Before it was half gone, **I began to improve.** I continued—using the PILLS with your SARSAPARILLA. **I gained so rapidly that I became an object of wonder.** I am now taking my **ninth bottle,** and weigh **127 lbs.,** and feel that I have **fully recovered every way.**

Accept my heartfelt thanks,
MRS. NETTIE A. RIVERS.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

COURT PROCLAMATION—Whereas, the Hon. A. O. Furst, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial district, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. C. A. Faulkner and the Hon. Thomas F. Riley, Associate Judges in Centre, having issued their precept bearing date the 31st day of July, 1893, to me directed for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and commence on the 4th Monday of Aug. the 28th day of Aug. 1893, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then or there to prosecute against them shall be just.

Give under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 31st day of July in the year of our Lord, 1893, and the one hundred and seventeenth year of the Independence of the United States.

WM. A. ISHLER, Sheriff.

24 14 4t

BOOTS & SHOES.

JOHN M. COBLE,
LEMONT, CENTRE COUNTY, PENNA

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made to order, at two dollars less a pair than than the same can be purchased in Bellefonte or any other large town.

First class work and material. Nothing cheap but the price. Satisfaction guaranteed in fit and style.

All I ask is one trial, I know that after that I shall have your trade.

CALL ON OR ADDRESS AS ABOVE

V23 N27 tf

WE WANT A CORRESPONDENT in this place. A bright, intelligent young man can make from $75 to $100 per month. Address, GOLDEN ERA, 72 West 50th Street, New York City, N. Y.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Came upon the premises of the subscriber in Taylor Township, Centre county, Pa., about August 1, a Jersey colored Bull. Refusing to leave the farm and showing a disposition to be cross, this bull was entered in township book August 5, 1893. There are no ear marks but there is a ring in the bull's nose and he appears to be about 18 months old. Owner is requested to prove property, pay damages and take the animal away, or it will be disposed of according to law.

D. H. DEAN
Port Matilda.

Vol 24 No 32 3t Pa.

HELP WANTED.—$40 per month and expenses paid good men for taking orders. Steady work. Apply PROTECTIVE NURSERIES, Geneva, N. Y. 31-3t

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—Pursuant to an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, Pennsylvania, will be sold at public sale at the Court House in Bellefonte on saturday, August 26, 1893, the following described real estate, late of Eliza J. McMullen, deceased, to wit:

The property is situated in Boggs Township Centre County, Pennsylvania, bounded on the North by land of John Pownell, on the East by the public road leading from Milesburg to Marsh Creek, on the South by land of Scott Walters and Linn & McCoy, and on the West by land of Linn & McCoy, containing 30 acres more or less. The improvements are a two-story frame dwelling house, stable and other out buildings. The property is located about one and one half miles north of Milesburg.

Terms of sale:—One-half of the purchase money to be paid in cash upon confirmation of sale, and the balance in one year thereafter. The deferred payment to bear interest and to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

CLEMENT DALE, Administrator.

Rochester Business Universities.

An immediate postal card request, saying the writer is thinking of pursuing a commercial or shorthand course of study, will secure new illustrated circulars (93-94) of the Rochester Business University.

Address
ROCHESTER BUSINESS UNIVERSITY.
24-4t Rochester, N. Y.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

THE ONE THAT COUNTS.

Beware of the first drink of liquor, my lad,
As that will lead on to the rest:
Turn away ere beginning a habit so bad,
For that way is surest and best.
Don't fancy you're strong and can stop at the first,
That one to a hundred amounts.
Refuse e'en a sip of this glass so accursed;
'Tis always the first drink that counts.

Beware of the very first smoke, my boy;
The cigar or the cigarette vile
Will multiply tenfold your health to destroy,
Your flesh and your blood to defile.
Then reject at the start this poisonous weed;
Remember your liberty's lost
If once you allow this foe to succeed;
And here, too, the first step will cost.
—S. Jennie Smith, in Union Signal.

A DANGEROUS ERROR.

The Mistake Made by Doctors Regarding Alcohol in Stimulants.

The taking of alcohol into the human system in any form—whether in the guise of brandy, whisky, wine, ale or beer, is followed by a greater or less degree of exhilaration, due to the amount of alcohol contained in the liquor and the amount of the latter that is imbibed. When this amount is excessive, intoxication is the result. When it is small, there is apparent only a degree of stimulation. It is one of the ideas prevalent among the people that alcoholic drinks are of value in a medicinal way, on account of the stimulating effect they have upon the system. Because they make an ill person feel better for the time being, it is assumed that they are beneficial.

This is a bit of faulty reasoning. The exhilaration produced by alcohol is but a base counterfeit of a more healthful condition of the system. The patient "feels better"—not because he is really any better, but simply because it is a property of this accursed liquid, when taken in small amounts, to produce this effect. There are many other substances that produce an exhilarating effect when taken into the system. Opium is one of these: Indian hemp and the cocoa leaf have the same property. But they all, alcohol included, are poisons. The stimulation is unnatural, and in every case it is followed by a reaction—and this reaction is a depression of the vital powers just as far below the normal line as the excitement produced by the alcoholic or other poison which produced it carried the system above that normal.

The action of alcohol upon the human system follows exactly the same law as the action of the wind upon the surface of the sea. The trough behind the wave in a storm is just as far below the level of the water, were it calm, as the crest of that wave is above the level. The depression of the bodily powers following the drunken fit is exactly as great as was the excitement of the drunkenness. Any first-class physician knows this; yet there are thousands of doctors who prescribe alcoholic stimulants, especially when their skill is at fault, or when a little dieting on the part of the patient would be the real remedy to use. Especially do they resort to whisky and brandy and wine, in cases of slow, wasting and incurable diseases. The patient feels better for the time being, and though he may feel all the worse after the fumes of alcohol have left his brain, the doctors know that in his ignorance the patient will attribute this wretchedness to the disease and not to the medicine, and also that he will ascribe the fictitious strength he feels while under its sway to the doctor's skill.

There are few medicines which produce stimulation which is not followed by a period of wretchedness and depression such as alcohol surely brings, and the attention of some of the best minds in the medical profession has been turned to the discovery of others. It has been lately announced, on eminent authority, that nitro-glycerine has been found to act perfectly in this regard. It is a true stimulant, not a poisonous one; it acts as promptly as does alcohol, and has none of its baleful after-effects. We may soon hope, then, that no physician will have any excuse to prescribe alcohol to his patients.

A physician who prescribes alcohol, in any form, in any quantity, even the smallest, commits a crime against humanity. It is not a medicine, and has no regenerative power. It is a stimulant, but only because it is a poison. Its effect is deceptive and evanescent, and is followed by a corresponding depression of the vital powers. It is not a tonic, because there is nothing in it that is food. It builds up neither muscle nor tissue, nor brain, nor nerve. It is a poison, pure and simple. As soon as it is taken into the body, it goes at once into the circulation—into the blood. Every organ of the body is set to work by outraged nature to expel tht vile stuff. The lungs exhale it, and every breath is tainted with its noxious odor. The liver, the kidneys, the skin, all are taxed to rid the system of alcohol. Every one who works as hard as possible to throw it off in the shortest time, and what wonder the system is exhausted when that work is done, and that a depression weighs upon mind and body?

The stupid and hurtful belief among the masses that rum is a medicine should be combatted by every conscientious physician. Many a man now sleeps in a drunkard's grave who first awakened the rum devil in his vitals by taking liquor as a medicine. Many a woman has lost all, and has become a degraded, besotted victim to rum through taking it as a tonic. Teach the people to know it as the poison it really is. It is as dangerous to handle as to fondle a serpent. Every physician in the land should abandon the practice of prescribing or recommending any form of rum as a medicine for any bodily ailment. No permanent good can possibly come from its use, and harm is absolutely certain. It can not benefit and it will surely injure. Let the doctors of our land do their duty to the people who commit the welfare of the body into their hands, and by precept and example aid in the effort to pulverize the rum power.—Toledo Blade.

THE DRINK PESTILENCE.

Deplorable Indifference to the Rum Curse in Cities.

"I can not understand the cool indifference with which some can hear of dissipation and drunkenesss in our large cities. The mere contemplation of the number of criminals having so largely increased of late years, and of their cost of arrest, trial, and board reaching nearly $20,000,000 a year, one would have thought sufficient to arouse the most easy in Zion to the necessity of Divine equipment.

"It is difficult to credit that there are nearly 500,000 more men engaged in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors than there are in the preaching of the Gospel and in all the departments of education the country through, while the sad story that over 65,000 are annually destroyed, 150,000 men and women sent to prison, and 200,000 children sent to the poorhouses and chiritable institutions, is enough to melt a heart of stone and to cause God's children to cry night and day to Him for courage and strength to meet so formidable and destructive a foe. With the knowledge not only of the national foes that defy our God; but also of the personal enemies of our souls, shall we not seek from His own hands the armor which will make us equal to overcoming every form of enemy? God grant that as we become acquainted with the magnitude of the foe, we may also become equipped with spiritual weapons which will bring him low.

"I have myself been into rooms where five and seven families lived huddled together. I have visited courts, alleys and tenements where sanitary laws were utterly disregarded, and the very air breathed pestilence. I have seen hundreds of people who had no place for shelter during the cold of a wintry night, but some entryway or doorstep, and I have heard that cry which no woman's heart can ever forget—the cry of starving children!—Mrs. Ballington Booth, in The Conqueror.

A SCATHING REBUKE.

Rumsellers Get a Deserved Scoring at the Bar of Justice.

Judge Hubbard, of Nebraska, in passing sentence upon some convicted rumsellers recently, characterized in rigorous terms their evil business. He said:

"There is something in the taking of human life instantaneously that shocks and terrifies the mind of all; and yet we look upon that man who takes life quite as surely but by a slow, lingering process, if not without condemnation, at least without horror. You who stand before the court for sentence are in every moral sense murderers, and you are in the spirit, if not in the letter, guilty of manslaughter; so the law says whoever accelerates the death of a human being unlawfully is guilty of the crime. Your bloated victims upon the witness-stand, and who undoubtedly committed perjury to screen you from the law, not only abundantly testify that you are accelerating death, but that you are inducing men to commit still greater crimes than your own.

"You still maintain the appearance of respectability, but how morally leprous and scrofulous you are inwardly. The ruin, poverty and idleness which you are inflicting upon this community declare, as if from the housetops, that you are living in idleness and eating the bread of orphans, watered with the widow's tears. You are stealthily killing your victims and murdering the peace and industry of the community, and thereby converting happy, industrious homes into misery, poverty and rags. Anxious mothers watch and pray in tears nightly, with desolate hearts, for the coming home of your victims, whom you are luring, with the wiles and the smiles of the devil, into midnight debauchery.

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

MULTITUDES starve in Great Britain because their food is made into strong drink.

WHEN a young man takes his first drink he gives the devil an iron-clad mortgage on himself.—Ram's Horn.

WORKINGMEN have many burdens, but the saloon men, who follow them up and seek to prey upon them, are chief among their worst enemies.

THE Indian government owns two great distilleries, which are managed entirely by government officials. So fiery and poisonous is the liquor that the soldiers are forbidden to touch it.

A LADY missionary in Africa, in her last letter to her mother in America said that, as she looked from her window while writing, she saw nine men lying upon the street dead drunk from New England rum.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET states the fact that in one district in Liverpool, in which are no saloons, there is but one pauper to every 1,000 inhabitants. In another district, in which are 200 saloons, there is one pauper to every 28 inhabitants.

THE presence of many working people, industrious, sober, honest, is a valuable help to any business; but by as much as any of them patronize the dram-shop, by so much their value as citizens will be impaired, the community pauperized, and every interest of the people demoralized.—Demorest.

DR. RICHARDSON, an authority on such questions, says: "I know of no such person as a moderate drinker. Those who take a nominal amount of alcohol daily are the sirens sitting on the rock of intemperance and luring the weak to their destruction. Whenever a person, however moderate, believes that to him alcohol is a necessity, he is in at least the first stage of alcoholic disease."

SEVERAL of the large railroad systems of the country have inaugurated a temperance reform, insisting that all train employes shall be abstainers from drink, and a number of men have been discharged recently on their refusal to be total abstainers. The authorities argue that even if a man is sober during his hours of duty, if he overdrinks one day, he can not as safely perform his duty the next, in a position where human life depends upon a clear head and a steady hand.

FROM THE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION ON THE TEXT BOOKS LAW.

The Act of Assembly approved June 25, 1885, conferred upon the several Boards of School Directors, and Controllers gives authority to purchase text books out of the school fund and to supply these books free of cost to the pupils for use in the schools of their respective districts.

This Act was so amended by the Act of May 18, 1893, as to make it mandatory upon school directors hereafter to provide, at the expense of the district not only text books but all other necessary school supplies.

This amended Act goes into immediate operation from the beginning of the current school year, dating from the first Monday in June, 1893. The design of the Act evidently is to relieve parents and pupils hereafter of the necessity of purchasing text books and school supplies for use in our public schools. It is now the imperative duty of the several Boards of Directors and Controllers to make provision for furnishing and equipping their schools with school books and with the supplies generally needed by the pupils for daily use in the schools, such as slates, pencils, paper, pens, ink, tablets, etc.

There may be instances in which the patrons of the schools will cause their children to use the books in their possession as long as they are in good condition and do not differ from those adopted by the Board. It is well however, in this connection, for school officers, and all other parties concerned, to bear in mind the fact that parents and children cannot be required or compelled to purchase books directly as heretofore; and while it is, no doubt, wise to urge the pupils to use the books in their possession, for the purpose of lessening the immediate outlay of money, they cannot be obliged to use their own books, because the duty of providing books and supplies for use in the schools, now devolves upon the directors and controllers having jurisdiction in the district and not upon the patrons of the schools, except in so far as they may be lawfully taxed for school purposes, thereby contributing their equitable share to the general school fund of the district.

Books in all the required branches of study are to be provided by the directors and for all grades of public schools, including the High school.

NATHAN C. SCHAEFFER,
Sup't. of Public Instruction.

THE GAZETTE MAN ON FINANCE.

The *Keystone Gazette* of this town gives us the following as an object lesson in finance in its issue of August 5th:

"There is an effort being made by gold monomaniacs to demonetize silver, thereby making gold the only legal tender in the payment of debts. If successful one half of our circulating medium of coin will cease to exist, and the other half, which is gold, would appreciate to double its present value, to the destruction of the debtor class and all producers. Is such a condition desirable?

By looking over the official statistics of the price of wheat and silver from 1872 to 1893 we find not only the price of silver but nearly every other production of this country. Thus in 1872, the price of wheat was $1.41 and the price of silver $1.32. January 1st, 1893, the price of wheat was 75 cents per bushel and the price of silver 82 cents. If silver coin is demonetized the reader can figure out about what will then be the price of wheat and all other productions. The price of wheat has been in about the same ratio to each other since 1872.

If the mass of people desire poverty they will sustain those who worship the golden calf. If they desire moderate prosperity, and a higher civilization they will induce their representatives to keep silver coin as co-equal with gold coin. You can choose whichever you want."

The conclusions arrived at by the *Gazette* man in the above quotation are not the same as are entertained by the great mass of republicans, and while we are not prepared to combat our brother upon this great question, we feel disposed to follow the lead of the great men of our party who have given this question careful study for years.

—Alfred A. Dale and H. Y. Stitzer, started out on a trip last Thursday with a hired rig. While passing over a temporary bridge on the Central Pennsylvania railroad the horse became frightened and commenced to back. Mr. Dale, seeing that the horse was backing over an eight foot embankment, jumped out and rolled down the embankment and the horse came tumbling after. The horse was not hurt and Mr. Dale escaped with some bruises. Mr. Stitzer stuck to the buggy and escaped without a scratch. Had Mr. Dale stayed in the carriage he would have being all right.

—Mrs. James Derr, died last Saturday evening at 6 o'clock at her home in this place. She leaves a husband and six children to mourn her loss. Her age was 41 years. She was born at Milesburg her maiden name was Jane Bronwel. The funeral took place last Tuesday at nine o'clock from her late residence near the Nail works. She was a faithful wife a loving mother her place can never be filled in that broken family circle.

Now when you want Groceries, don't forget that you can do better at the Eureka, High St, Bellefonte, than in most other places. Call at The Eureke when you want Groceries.

LAST OF THE SEASON'S POPULAR $10 EXCURSIONS TO THE SEA VIA THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

On Thursday, August 24th, the only remaining cheap-rate excursion to Atlantic City, Ocean City, Cape May, or Sea Isle City will be run by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

The rate of $10 from Pittsburg, and correspondingly reduced rate from other points, offer a rare opportunity for a most economical trip to any one of the abovementioned prominent watering places. The tickets are good for return passage within twelve days, thus giving ample time for a pleasant sojourn on the shores of the Atlantic.

The large number of people availing themselves of this really extraordinary offer on the previous runs of the same series vouches for the satisfaction and popularity which these low-rate seashore excursions meet at the hands of the people.

The special train will leave Pittsburg at 8.50 A. M., arriving in Philadelphia a little after 7 in the evening. The night may be spent in the Quaker City and any regular train taken the next day for the shore.

The rates apply on regular trains leaving Pittsburg at 4.30, 7.00 and 8.10 P. M., or special train leaving at 8.50 A. M. on the above mentioned date.

	Rate	Train. Leaves.
Clearfield	$8 00	9.30 A. M.
Philipsburg	8 35	10.27 "
Osceola	8 25	10.40 "
Bellefonte	8 65	10.28 "
Tyone	7.65	1.18 P. M.
Philadelphia.....Ar	.....	7.16 "

For detailed information address or apply to Thos. E. Watt, Passenger Agent, 110 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg.

Students get board, room, books and tuition at Franklin College, New Athens, O., for $2.80 to $3 per week. *Total* cost, $135 a year. Catalogue free.

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Is a positive cure for all those painful

Ailments of Women.

It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, of the Womb, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the *Change of Life.* Every time it will cure

Backache.

It has cured more cases of Leucorrhœa than any remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels Tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. That

Bearing-down Feeling

causing pain, weight, and backache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the laws that govern the female system, and is as harmless as water. It removes

Irregularity,

Suppressed or Painful Menstruations, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility. Also

Dizziness, Faintness,

Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" and "want to be left alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues," and backache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the Uterus, or

Womb Troubles.

The whole story, however, is told in an illustrated book entitled "Guide to Health," by Mrs. Pinkham. It contains over 90 pages of most important information, which every woman, married or single, should know about herself. Send 2 two-cent stamps for it. For

Kidney Complaints

and Backache of *either sex* the Vegetable Compound is unequaled.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25c., cure Biliousness, Constipation, and Torpid Liver. By mail, or of druggists.

All druggists sell the Vegetable Compound, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. *Correspondence freely answered.* You can address in strictest confidence,

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ISAAC HAUPT, agent.
vol 24 no 8—tf

FOR SALE—Commentary of the Holy Bible. Five large sheep bound Volumes. Entirely new and unabridged. Cost $17.50; will sell for $10 cash. Inquire at this office.
24-25-tf

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One reason why *Scott's Emulsion* of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda has had such a large sale is because it is "Almost as palatable as milk;" but the best reason is that its curative properties are unequalled. It cures the cough, supplies the waste of tissues, produces flesh and builds up the entire system.

Scott's Emulsion **cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, and all Anaemic and Wasting Diseases. Prevents wasting in children. Almost as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine.** Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

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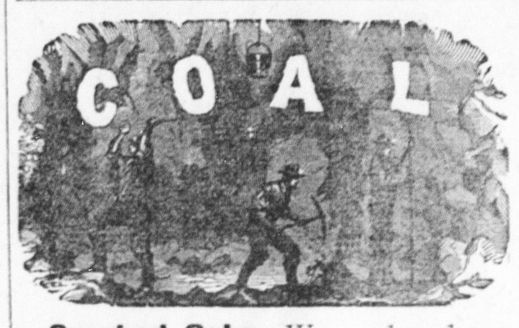

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As they keep nothing but the Freshest and Best Groceries, and sell at One Cash Price to all, a price so low that none sell lower. Fresh goods received every day. Country produce of every description purchased, and highest market prices paid. If you have any doubt about what we say come in and see us, we will prove it true.

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Whites Canada Thistle Exterminator is a preparation discovered and put on the market by Samuel White, of Bellefonte, Pa. A tablespoonful of this preparation placed on a thistle will kill every stalk so treated in five days from the top of the ground to the extreme length of the root. This has been proven by actual experiment. If applied according to directions furnished with every lot sold it is guaranteed to do the work. A number of Centre county land owners have given the Exterminator a thorough trial, among whom are Brockerhoff Bros. and W. Fred Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds has instructed his farmers to get as much as is needed to exterminate this pest from all of his farms.

PRICE PER BUSHEL, $2.50, OR $5 FOR BAG OF TWO BUSHELS.

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TOLD IN A FEW WORDS

A WEEK'S NEWS FROM ALL SECTIONS BOILED DOWN.

Everything but Facts Eliminated For Our Readers' Convenience—The Many Happenings of Seven Days Reduced From Columns to Lines.

Wednesday, Aug. 2.

The Navahoe won the race in the royal Southampton regatta.

Bettina Girard, the actress, is ill in New York.

John G. Wilmot of 793 Tenth avenue, New York, went crazy after his wife committed suicide by jumping from a window.

The failures of John J. Cudahy and other heavy operators in pork on the Chicago board of trade caused a panic.

Minister Blount is to leave Honolulu Aug. 6.

M. A. Chessman, a mine owner of Helena, Mon., failed for $300,000.

A board has been appointed to cut down the expenses of the World's fair.

James T. Kilbreth, the new collector at the port of New York, has taken charge.

The new cruiser New York went into commission.

A bad leak was reported in the Erie canal.

Thursday, Aug. 3.

Serious trouble is feared among the Missouri coal miners when negro workmen take the places of the strikers.

The officials who were responsible for closing the World's fair on Sunday were fined $1,000 for contempt of court in disobeying the injunction.

A decision in the Behring sea arbitration matter is expected in about two weeks.

Two-year-old Madeline Smith of 296 Smith street, Brooklyn, was run over and killed by a trolley car in front of her home.

Arthur Johnson, 10 years old, of Arlington, Neb., deliberately shot and killed his 8-year-old sister.

The collector at the port of New York has been instructed to be cautious about Chinese immigrants.

Rev. H. D. Thomas, a colored paster of Newark, N. J., has been asked to resign, because he introduced a bogus Zulu prince to his audience.

The Behring sea arbitration commission will probably conclude its deliberations and agree on its decisions before the end of this week.

Friday, Aug. 4.

At Somerset, Pa., three masked men brutally beat and robbed Abraham Beam, a retired farmer, 97 years of age, and his wife.

New York's attorney general says there is no statute providing that property purchased with pension money is exempt by law from taxation.

The motion for a quo warranto to relieve the Gettysburg trolley road of its charter was argued.

A meeting was held at the official residence of the lord mayor of London for the purpose of considering the financial and business situation.

A. Frolich, a produce dealer of New Springville, N. Y., was shot and killed by Policeman Edward Wells at Port Richmond, N. Y., for stealing a cabbage.

The sanitary inspectors detailed by the board of health to inspect the New York postoffice building say it is a pesthole.

The yacht Navahoe was badly beaten in the regatta of the Royal Yacht squadron.

Saturday, Aug. 5.

Patrick Egan, formerly minister of the United States to Chili, is on his way back to New York.

May Thorne, an actress, killed herself in New York by taking a big dose of morphine with suicidal intent.

T. C. Burlingame, president, and P. C. Newman, cashier of the Springfield National Bank of Commerce, have been indicted, charged with fraud.

A former inmate of the Elmira (N. Y.) reformatory has begun a suit to recover $25,000 damages from the superintendent, Brockway, for alleged cruelty.

The two grain clerks, John H. Morgan and Henry Ware Pelletier, are still missing from the office of Woerishoffer & Co., the New York bankers and brokers.

Governor Boies has written a letter to Chairman Fullen of the Iowa Democratic state central committee positively refusing to be a candidate for renomination for governor.

The New York state railroad commission finds that the West Shore wreck of July 13 was caused by the neglect of Michael Donahue, the switchman, to close the switch.

Monday, Aug. 7.

James L. Wright, one of the seven founders of the Knights of Labor, died at Germantown, Pa.

The Hon. E. J. Phelps, one of the American counsel before the Behring sea tribunal of arbitration, sailed for New York on the Paris.

John B. Woetting, cashier of the South Side Savings bank, Milwaukee, who ran away before the bank suspended, has been arrested in Denver,

Mrs. Meyer, the wife of the alleged poisoner, Dr. Charles Meyer, now in the Tombs prison, has been placed with her baby in Ludlow street jail, New York.

A Queensland "labor" vessel, while recruiting off the coast of Malayta, Solomon islands, was attacked by natives, the white crew killed, the vessel first looted and then burned.

Another case of what is thought to be typhoid fever has occurred at the New York state building at the World's fair, the victim being George S. Stevens, auditor of the New York state exhibit.

Tuesday, Aug. 8.

Chief of Police J. A. Chapman of Middletown, Conn., died in New York.

A poster of a United States army recruiting office caused much indignation in Ottawa.

George W. Gale, an actor, 58 years old, of 338 East Ninetieth street, New York, died suddenly at his home.

The looting of the Pacific bank of San Francisco by the sons of old Dr. R. H. McDonald caused a sensation there.

Benjamin Spangberg, an employee of the Sixth avenue elevated railroad, New York, was mangled by two trains and instantly killed.

Frank Smith, driver of an ice wagon, was knocked from his wagon by a Brooklyn trolley car, run over by his own wagon and killed.

The jury in the case of Ducret and Norton, the Parisians charged with forging documents, returned a verdict of guilty against both of the defendants.

Two sensational seizures were made by the New York custom house authorities of baggage brought over by a couple of cabin passengers on the American line steamship New York.

THE LAKE SHORE WRECK.

Sleeping Coaches Smashed—Three Killed and Many Injured.

FREMONT, O., Aug. 7.—A terrible wreck occurred at Lindsey, a small village of about 500 inhabitants eight miles west of this place, on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern. An engine and three sleepers were badly demolished and three paople killed outright, while fully 25 were more or less badly injured.

The wreck was caused by the collision of a west bound passenger train and east bound freight. Passenger train No. 9, the Pacific express, left here about 10 minutes late. The train consisted of an engine, baggage car, two express cars, three coaches and five sleepers. The coaches and sleepers were all well filled with people, many of whom were on their way to Chicago.

The seriously injured are as follows:

Professor Emerson, Amherst college, Gloucester, Mass.; chest crushed, will die.

J. A. Hamilton, Pittsburg; injured internally, perhaps fatally.

Porter Stevens (colored), New York; extent of injuries not known.

Porter Pelham (colored) of the sleeper Orinoco, Chicago; injured internally, very serious.

A. H. West, Chicago; badly cut, not serious.

Center Fielder Ryan of the Chicago Baseball club; bad cuts.

Catcher Kittridge of the Chicago Baseball club; cut about head and body.

E. K. Fisher, Ravine street, Alleghany City, Pa.; left foot cut off.

Those killed outright were:

Ed Lafferty, engineer on local freight No. 74, residence at Elyria, O.; married and leaves a widow and four children.

Charles Spane, brakeman on freight; residence at Clayville, N. Y.

Porter Robertson (colored) of the sleeper Erie; residence at Chicago.

Professor Emerson and Porter Pelham are now in an unconscious condition, and their deaths are hourly expected.

Professor Emerson Will Recover.

FREMONT, O., Aug. 8.—The condition of Professor Emerson, D. A. Hamilton and Porter Pelham, who were injured in the Lindsay wreck of Saturday night, is somewhat improved, and they are now in a fair way to recovery.

WAS IT CHOLERA?

Three Deaths on a Steamer From Plague Stricken Naples.

NEW YORK, Aug. 4.—Three deaths occurred aboard the Anchor line steamer Karamania, which arrived from Naples with a general cargo and 471 steerage passengers.

July 17 Rosa Buccola, aged 47 years, died and was buried at sea. Aug. 3 at 8 a. m. Giuseppe Pascalo Romualdo, aged 40 years, died and was buried at sea, same date, at 10:45 a. m. Maria Di Nicola, aged 23 years, also died Aug. 3 and was buried at sea.

Health Officer Jenkins has detained the steamer to determine the cause of death and for examination and disinfection. All the passengers came aboard at Naples. All were well on board.

NEW YORK, Aug. 5.—The passengers of the steamship Karamania, which arrived from Naples and reported three deaths at sea, are quarantined today on islands in the lower bay, and will be kept there until the health officer is satisfied that no cholera cases will develop among them.

NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—Concerning the cholera suspects on the islands in the lower bay Dr. Jenkins says there are no new cases, and the detained passengers from the Karamania are in first class health. He thinks he will release them all on Wednesday or Thursday next.

Fourteen Deaths In a Day.

ROME, Aug. 5.—The Tribuna states that between Thursday noon and Friday noon 20 new cases of cholera and 14 deaths were reported to the authorities in Naples.

ROME, Aug. 7.—It is officially announced that between noon Friday and noon Sunday 20 new cases of cholera and 13 deaths have been reported in Naples, and three new cases and one death at Rome.

BUCHAREST, Aug. 7.—Cholera has broken out in the garrison at Soolina.

Hard Fighting at La Plata.

VALPARAISO, Aug. 5.—Hard fighting is accompanying the siege of La Plata, where Governor Costa of the province of Buenos Ayres is practically cut off from communication with the capital by the revolutionary troops who are investing the city. During these engagements 400 men have been slaughtered. The siege has not yet been raised, and the situation at La Plata has not changed.

The Anarchists Made Trouble.

ZURICH, Aug. 8.—The session of the international socialist congress was marked by a great deal of excitement. The anarchist delegates refused to withdraw. Several of them had to be ejected by force. In the midst of the excitement Herr Landauer, a Berlin anarchist, used a stick and precipitated a hand to hand fight, in which he was at length overpowered by the bystanders.

To Investigate the Midway.

CHICAGO, Aug. 5.—The pressure brought to bear on the council of administration to take some action in regard to the objectionable Oriental dances on the Midway plaisance resulted in the issuing of instructions from that body to the director general to immediately conduct a thorough investigation of the dances in question and report to the council.

Patient Waiters at the Cherokee Strip.

GUTHRIE, O. T., Aug. 5.—The excitement caused by a dispatch from Washington that the Cherokee strip would open at once has quieted down, and the crowd about the land office has deserted, leaving only a few negroes and saloon loafers in line.

General Markets.

NEW YORK, Aug. 7.—FLOUR—State and western quiet; easy; low extras, $1.95@2.45; city mills, $3.80@3.85; city mills patents, $4.25@4.50; winter wheats, low grades, $1.77@2.45.

WHEAT—No. 2 red advanced ⅝@⅞c.; fell ⅛@¼c. as following the west; steady; quiet; August, 68⅜@68¾c.; September, 70¼@70⅝c.

RYE—Dull; western, 55c.

CORN—No. 2 ¼@¾c. up; firm; dull; August, 45½c.; September, 48⅜c.

OATS—No. 2 quiet; firmer; state, 35@43½c.; August, 32⅝c.

PORK—Steady; quiet; new mess, $15.

LARD—Lower; dull; steam rendered, $8.10.

BUTTER—Firmer; better trade; state dairy, 16½@20c.; state creamery, 19½@20c.

CHEESE—State, large, white, 8¾@9c.; colored, 9¼@9¼c.

EGGS—Free receipts; lower; state and Pennsylvania, 16@17c.; western, 14¼@15c.

SUGAR—Firm; dull; fair refining, 3⅝c.; centrifugal, 96 test, 3⅞c.; refined quiet; steady; crushed, 5⅛@5 13-16c.; powdered, 5 7-16@5⅝c.

TURPENTINE—Dull; weak at 25¾@26¼c.

MOLASSES—Steady; quiet; New Orleans, open kettle, 30@38c.

RICE—Steady; fair demand; domestic, fair to extra, 2¾@5¾c.

TALLOW—Quiet; steady; city, 4¾c.; country, 4¾@4 15-17c.

HAY—Firm; quiet; shipping, 70@75c.; good to choice, 80@85c.

HOPS—Firm; dull; state, common to choice, 19@22c.; Pacific coast, 19@22c.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

He was a small boy traveling with his father and mother on a train, and the way in which he warhooped up and down the car isle made him a terror to the other passengers.

"Sit still," said his father in a foghorn voice; "how can I hear myself think when you're making such a racket?"

"There, there, Johnny, dear, you disturb pa," said his fond mother.

But the infant terror kicked and cried and refused to keep one position a second at a time.

"I'd like to have the raisin of that boy—I just would," said a sharp featured woman who had her knitting along.

"I wouldn't mind having a hand in it myself," said a man who was regarding the youngster with murder in his eye.

"Sit still, Johnnie, dear," said his mother placidly for the 900th time.

"Why don't you call him John? He might pay more attention to you then," said his father crossly.

"What's in a name?" asked the mother. "By any other name he would be our Johnny still."

"Then for Heaven's sake give him another name," retorted his pa, "for he hasn't been still a moment with the one he has."

Then he plugged his ears with cotton while the other passengers encored his last remark.—Detroit Free Press.

HOW WE GROW OLD.

The thread that binds us to life is most frequently severed ere the meridian of life is reached in the case of persons who neglect obvious means to renew failing strength. Vigor, no less the source of happiness than the condition of long life, can be created and perpetuated where it does not exist. Thousands who have experienced or are cognizant—including many physicians of eminence—of the effects of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, bear testimony to its wondrous efficacy as a creator of strength in feeble constitutions, and debilitated and shattered systems. A steady performance of the bodily functions renewed appetite, flesh and nightly repose attend the use of this thorough and standard renovant. Use no local tonic represented to be akin to or resemble it in effects in its place. Demand the genuine, which is an acknowledged remedy for indigestion, malaria, nervousness, constipation, liver and kidney complaints and rheumatism.

THE DEMOCRATS AND THE SOLDIERS.

The Democratic management of the Pension Office cannot escape responsibility for its policy of antagonism toward the Union soldiers by seeking cover behind decisions given under a Republican Administration. The Record of Republican treatment of the veteran soldier speaks for itself. Republican officials, including Assistant Secretary Bussey, whom the apologists for Democratic abuse and oppression of the disabled veterans are so fond of quoting, followed the law faithfully, but they also followed it liberally. They knew that the soldier drew no hard and fast line when he went to fight for his country, and they did not strain the letter of the law to defeat his claims when he in turn appealed to his country for aid.

The Pension Office, under the ex-Confederate control, does strain the law against the soldier. It assumes him to be guilty of fraud by suspending his pension and then requires him to prove his innocence before the pension is restored, and this, with the progress of years, witnesses to any event of the time of the war are dying off rapidly, and it is difficult, if not impossible, for pensioners to reproduce the evidence on which the pensions were originally granted. In other words, the Union veterans are robbed of their pensions by being required to perform the impossible.

Such is the spirit of the Democratic management of the Pension Office. This spirit permeates the whole establishment. It controls every official whose tendencies may have been toward fair and generous treatment of the soldiers of the Union. It is a disgrace to American patriotism and American honor.

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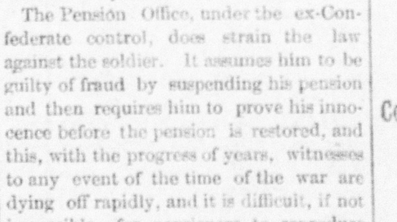

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HER ENGAGEMENT.

"Shall we not sit down?" he said. "I find it rather heavy walking; don't you?"

"Yes, rather," returned his companion.

He took a large silk handkerchief from his pocket and carefully spread it out upon the sand.

"Oh, nothing will hurt this dress," she said, with a smile; "besides, it washes."

"Does it? That's sensible,—and it looks so delicate, too."

She seated herself comfortably, while he stretched himself upon the sand beside her, with an easy lack of conventionality. Her dress was a plain white flannel, unadorned save for the flaring cuffs and wide collar, which were blue, like her eyes and the Florida sky above them. Her white sailor hat had a blue band about it. The impetuous gulf breezes which blew little tufts of her light hair about her face in rather a trying manner were powerless to spoil the charm of that sweet girlish countenance.

Her companion was a man perhaps ten years older than herself: not a man of fashion, one would have been quite sure after the first glance; a man of business, perhaps of letters, but not a devotee of society.

"Isn't this glorious?" he said, pushing back his hat and drinking in big draughts of the pure sea air. "I shall miss it all."

Before them stretched what seemed a limitless expanse of water, somewhat turbulent just now, and far out where water and sky seemed to meet, there could be faintly discerned the white sail of a fishing smack. On each side of them glistened the white beach, unmarked by tree or house, for they were on a narrow island, a small strip of sand were their lonely vigils. Back of them and a little to the left, was the station with the lifeboat within, ready and waiting for a summons. A hundred yards or so down the beach were the rest of the gay party of pleasure seekers, separated into groups—some walking up and down searching for treasures the sea had left in its wake, others lolling idly on the sand.

"Have you decided to leave to-morrow?" asked the girl.

"I must. Six weeks of idling in Florida, at a busy season of the year, too, is enough for a man with work to do. Don't you think so?"

"Well, yes," she said, smiling. "I suppose it is. Yet it seems a pity you cannot wait for the rest of us when we return so soon."

"I wish I might," regretfully. "Are your plans for the Summer fully matured as yet?"

"We are to go from here to Asheville, I believe," she said rather wearily, "then to Newport and to the West later. Aunt Helen seems to feel it her Christian duty to be forever dragging me from place to place."

"She thinks it a duty you owe your position in society, no doubt, to do the fashionable thing at the fashionable time. And you enjoy it."

He made the statement, but glanced up at her inquiringly.

"Oh, Yes," she replied. "I enjoy it. But too much fashion is apt to be wearing, you know."

"Yes," he said, "I fancy it would be."

"Now this," she continued, with a little comprehensive sweep of her hands, "this is different. I have really enjoyed our sojourn here."

"So have I," he responded, heartily. "Your aunt certainly deserves the thanks of the crowd for getting together such congenial people and prevailing upon them to come here instead of wandering off with the rest of the northern colony to St. Augustine or Jacksonville. I like the town. There is something remarkably pleasant about its broad, quiet streets with their fine old shade trees. Then the harbor is magnificent."

"I like the bay," she said dreamily, her eyes following the movements of some bird of the sea that was circling round and round far above them. "I like the bay and the beautiful Navy Yard, and the old forts with their great silent guns and cannon balls, and their ramparts strewn with wild flowers. As for this island, I simply love it. It seems to stand as a sentinel at the gate of the sea—such a slender strip of land, but so steadfast. Only to think! Here before us is the great gulf, rough and awful; while but a few yards behind us, on the other side, lies the beautiful blue bay, in the distance the great ships anchored peacefully on its bosom, and still further in the background the sweet, peaceful old town. Oh, I like it."

"Evidently," said her companion. He seemed amused.

"Why do you smile?" she asked.

"I am thinking how different you are from what you were described to me."

"And how was that?"

"Oh, I had heard of the lovely Miss Loomis, the beauty and belle, and I rather fancied you a young woman whose most serious occupations were dancing and refusing proposals of marriage."

She laughed gayly, a sweet, ringing infectious laugh, in which he joined.

"It must have been quite a relief to find me such a plain, every day sort of person."

"Not exactly that," he replied, "but a really nice, sensible girl."

Involuntarily she glanced at him resentfully, but he was watching the waves as they splashed and tumbled upon the beach, a little higher every time.

"And I pictured you as a veritable woman-hater, caring for nothing but your books. Positively, I dreaded to see you enter aunty's sitting-room at the hotel."

"Why?" asked the young man, in surprise.

"I was afraid you would knock something over."

They both laughed again at this sally.

"However, we have got along capitally, have we not?" he said.

"Indeed we have; ever since that night when you said: 'Miss Loomis, let us be good friends and comrades.'"

"That was the night you discovered that 'with practice I might develop a rather good tenor voice.'"

"Yes, and the same night you offered to put me through a course of reading that 'would be really improving to my mind.'"

"Our friendship," she went on, "has been so much pleasanter, so much more satisfactory—than—than"——

"Well, than the typical seaside affair," he suggested. "A flirtation, for instance."

"Exactly," she answered, gazing tranquilly at the small feathery clouds that were scurrying along overhead. "I think that we have proved to our circle of friends that there can be such a thing as platonic friendship, the generally accepted opinion to the contrary notwithstanding."

"Ye-es," he replied, absently.

After a little he said:

"I shall miss the good times we have had together. Without my teacher that fine tenor voice of mine will soon be a thing of the past."

"Don't say that. You are doing so well, I am quite proud of the way you sing 'Oh, Promise Me.'"

"There is no use trying to sing or do anything else without some one to help and encourage one," he replied.

"Oh, well," she said, cheerfully; "New York is not such a large place. I suppose we shall get back there after a while, when we have exhausted all the resorts and points of interest in the country. I am usually allowed to spend December and January at home."

"You know very well," he said, "that you will have no time for me in New York. Besides, supposing you were kind enough to allow me to call, what pleasure would there be with a dozen other fellows around so that a quiet talk would be an impossibility?"

"That is the way you look at it, is it?" she said, quietly. "Very well, then, we will have to rest content with the memory of the pleasant times we have spent together in Florida."

He made no reply, and at this juncture the crowd on the beach was seen to be augmented by fifteen or twenty newcomers. Bits of greeting and gay laughter were wafted to the couple on the sand.

"Heigho! Whom have we here?" he said.

"I remember now hearing that another party would be over on the 'Jack Tar,'" said his companion. "There are the Belmonts and the Smiths and the Mallards—yes, and Charlie Bellew—but who is the little woman in gray?"

"Don't know. She is stunning, isn't she?"

"She hails from New York; I can tell from the cut of her frock. Why, it looks like—I believe—yes, it is Nellie Mayfair."

"Not the little widow? By Joye, it is! and she sees us."

A dainty figure in a gray gown, with the latest thing in hats to match, carrying a fluffy parasol, and walking with some difficulty over the sand in small, high-heeled shoes, approached them. Her round, childish face was flushed with excitement, and her large brown eyes sparkled with evident pleasure.

"Now, aren't you surprised?" she called while still some distance from them. "I came last night. Dear, dear, Dora, how glad I am to see you."

"And I you," returned Dora warmly. "You have indeed surprised us."

'Have I? I wished to. I am so delighted to be here. And how well you look! And you, Mr. Hampton—how do you do?"

After rapturously embracing one and shaking hands with the other, Mrs. Mayfair placed a hand on each of her friend's shoulder's, and, regarding her with the deepest reproach, said:

"Oh, Dora, how could you treat me so? When Poor, dear Jack and I were engaged weren't you the first to know? Didn't I tell you even before I told my mother?"

"Why, yes, my dear, of course."

"And yet, you have never in any of your letters so much as hinted at your engagement. I had to hear it accidentally—from a perfect stranger."

"My dear Nellie," said the girl, "I don't know what you are talking about. I am not engaged. Where could you have heard such a thing?"

"Don't try to deceive me, Dora," said the little widow, shaking her head mournfully. "I know you have always called me a baby, but I can see some things. Hear it? I heard it on the vulgar Elevated the day before I left town. There was a couple just behind me. I paid no attention to them till the man remarked that the latest engagement he had heard was that of Chase Hampton and Miss Dora Loomis. Then, of course, I listened just as hard as I could. He said you had been perfectly inseparable ever since you were in Florida, and that your early marriage was an accepted thing. So, you see, Dora, I know."

Then, turning to Hampton, she said plaintively, "At least, you will not deny it, Mr. Hampton."

After a slight pause, the gentleman addressed tugged at his mustache rather nervously, and said gravely:

"Miss Loomis and myself are certainly not engaged, Mrs. Mayfair."

"You are not?" she cried.

"We are merely good friends," said Dora, with dignity.

"Oh! I am so sorry"—distressedly—"how could I? Do forgive me, Dora. I was so sure of it."

"Never mind," said her friend, gently, "You made a mistake that is all."

"Oh, but it isn't all, for I told all those people down there, and, of course, they thought that I knew, and, oh, my! there was a perfect crowd at the station to see me off, and I told them, too. Everybody knows it by this time Oh, Dora, I can never forgive myself—never. What can we do?"

She caught her breath nervously, while her friend looked at her despairingly.

"Look at those people walking this way!" exclaimed Dora.

"They are coming to congratulate you," said Mrs. Mayfair, hysterically. "What shall I do? I will tell them anything you say."

"You might head them off," suggested Hampton.

She gave her eyes two little dabs with her handkerchief and started off. After she had proceded two or three yards she turned around suddenly and remarked:

"Well, I don't care. If you two are not engaged you ought to be."

This was the last drop in Dora's cup of bitterness. She had kept herself well under control during the trying scene, but now mortification made two tears run slowly down her cheeks.

"Don't," said her companion, huskily. "Do you mind it so much? Confound it, Mrs. Mayfair might have kept quiet."

"Don't abuse Nellie," Dora replied. "she meant no harm. "It is the fault of people who will talk so and jump at conclusions. They can't understand how there could be such a thing as—as——"

"As a platonic friendship?"

"Of course."

"There they come, and we are going to have to explain," remarked Mr. Hampton. "Explanations are always so trying," he added.

"I should think so," she exclaimed, looking around wildly for an escape.

There was only a strip of beach, the restless gulf and the blue sky above them. Her companion looked down upon her with a strange expression in his eyes.

"If we really were engaged," he said slowly, "It would make it much less awkward."

The girl looked up with a startled glance, and when her eyes met his the color slowly suffused her throat and face.

"Let it go that way, sweetheart," he pleaded.

There was no time for a reply, for the crowd was almost upon them. Nellie Mayfair was endeavoring nobly to dissuade them from their purpose, but her efforts were in vain. They were old friends, most of them, who had grown still more intimate during their six weeks sojourn in the land of orange blossoms.

"Well, Dora," said a bright faced girl pressing forward. "Nellie tells us you have stolen a march upon us. Is it really true that you two are engaged?"

There was a moment's pause and then Dora responded sweetly:

"Yes, it is quite true."

Raising her eyes she met the astonished gaze of the little widow, and smiled.—Lulu Judson, in the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The following figures are mighty interesting, and a much more instructive object lesson than President Cleveland can ever instill into the minds of the American people. They show our balance of trade during the four years ending June 30, and it will be noted that we had an excess of exports over imports during each of the years 1890, 1891, 1892, but that for the current year our imports exceed very largely our exports. The balance of trade was in our favor up to June 30, 1892, when Mr. Harrison was President. It was against us in June 30, 1893, when Mr. Cleveland was President. The figures are as follows:

Ending June 30.	Excess of Exports.	Excess of Imports.
1890	$68,518,275	
1891	38,564,614	
1892	202,875,686	
1893		about $53,652,981

Suffer in Silence.

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MR. ATWOOD'S ECONOMY.

The Experience That Proved to Him His Selfishness.

"I suppose," began Mr. Atwood, severely, "that if you were the man and the money maker, we should have no end of dollars and luxuries."

Mrs. Atwood, with cheeks a little redder than usual, only looked down in her coffee cup in silence. Scenes similar to this were of almost daily occurrence.

"I really don't see what you do with the money I give you. I declare you ask for a dollar nearly every day."

"There are five in the family; do you expect to have no expenses? Perhaps, if you would economize a little yourself, we should get along better."

"Me economize! Me!"

"Yes. I don't see why all the pinching should come from my side. I need a new pair of shoes. These are really quite unfit to wear. Johnnie's are almost as bad, and the two little girls need some warm flannels and a best dress apiece."

By this time Mr. Atwood had got his breath.

"I suppose you think I spend my money foolishly, then," he said angrily.

"You spend it as you choose. All men do, in a measure. It is the order of things at this time; but I only ask you to stop and think in a serious way where a good deal of your money does go."

"Why, for flour and coal, for potatoes and meat, and dresses for you and the children."

Mrs. Atwood smiled.

"For nothing else?"

"Why, yes; there's my own clothing, to be sure; but I can't go out in public looking like a ragman; it would kill my business. I suppose you are thinging of my new overcoat; but it's the best economy to get something good while you are getting."

"A principle you must have forgotten when you gave me five dollars two years ago for my winter cloak."

"Oh, well, you don't go out any."

"True!"

"You are unreasonable, as all women are, and you think I'm made of money, I guess. Here's five dollars you can put to any use you see fit. I dare say it will go for a lace flounce."

"For my new calico?" queried Mrs. Atwood, mockingly. But she picked up the money very much as she would have handled a snake. She thought of the little children and knew she could not refuse it, ungraciously as it had been given.

Mr. Atwood donned his new overcoat and went out at the front door with a more than usually hard bang.

Mrs. Atwood took up the baby and slow tears rolled down her cheeks upon its little golden head.

Johnnie, the handsome six-year-old boy, climbed down from the table, and, leaning on his mother's knee, gazed up in her face lovingly.

"When I get to be a big man like papa," he said, "I'll give you all my money.

Then Mrs. Atwood smiled and brushed the tears away.

"Yes, darling," she said, "mamma knows the kind of a man you will be—the kind of a man, please God, she will try to teach you to grow into."

Then, while washing up the breakfast dishes, she planned and planned how best to spend that five dollars.

"Two pairs of shoes must come out of it. I'll get a low, cheap pair for myself, perhaps for a dollar; they won't be very warm, but they will cover my feet. Then I can get Johnnie's for perhaps a dollar and a half; that leaves two and a half for flannels and dresses for the baby and little Nellie. Oh, dear! I did need ten dollars so much, and fifteen wouldn't any more than have made us comfortable. If papa cared for his wife and babies very much, he would not buy fifty-dollar suits and forty-dollar overcoats and ten-cent cigars and all that. It's a pity the tables couldn't be turned for a time."

Then, having made everything snug and clean, she sent Johnnie off to school with a loving kiss, called in Irish Nora, a neighbor girl to stay with the children, and started out to make her purchases.

"If I walk there and back," she thought, "I shall save ten cents, and that will pay Nora. But think of papa walking a mile over such streets as these, in such shoes!" For they lived in the suburbs, where rent was less.

The purchases had been made, and Mrs. Atwood started homeward, tired and faint.

"If I could only have a hot cup of coffee now!" she thought, "but I don't even dare to spend a nickel. It's going to rain, too, I believe."

And rain it did; not a gentle shower, but a terrible, drenching downpour, and she had no umbrella. The thin cloak was soon wet through, and a more limp and bedraggled woman could not have been imagined than that poor mother who staggered in at her own doorway at last.

Mr. Atwood had just completed a most splendid dinner at a most splendid hotel, and was leaning back in his chair chatting with a gentleman friend he had chanced to meet, and whom he had invited to join him. There had been champagne, and they were laughing and in the best of spirits, when a telephone message was handed to Mr. Atwood, which read as follows:

"Come home! your wife is dying.

MARY ATWOOD."

"Ah, what is it!" exclaimed the friend, noticing his companion's pallor.

For answer, Mr. Atwood handed him the message, snatched his overcoat and without more ado rushed away.

It was still raining, but the electric railway car bore him quickly homeward.

Silence greeted him as he entered the hall; but, upon opening the door to his wife's chamber, his oldest sister met him, a strange look upon her usually cold face.

"Mary!" he gasped, "when did you come, and what has happened?"

"I came an hour ago, luckily. As for what has happened, I'll leave you to answer that. Look at your wife!"

"She isn't dead, is she? There's color in her cheeks."

No, she isn't dead—yet. Look here, Charlie, do you know what these are?" and she held up before him a bundle of what appeared to be rags, soaking wet. "Your wife's cloak, dress and skirts, and these are her shoes. Please examine them; I don't see how she kept them on her feet. I suppose they are the kind you provide for her."

"But where has she been," gasped Mr. Atwood. "to get so wet?"

"I asked the little Irish girl, who has taken the children over to their house, about it, and she said that Mrs. Atwood went down-town to the stores, and that she walked there and back, and without an umbrella."

"Walked!"

"Yes. You may understand why; I don't."

Just then a smothered sob reached Mr. Atwood, and he discerned a pair of chubby legs in darned old stockings, sticking out from a mass of bed clothes at the foot of the bed.

"It's Johnny. He was so wild with grief I had not the heart to send him away, and he won't do her any hurt. See his feet! and they are soaking wet, and must be attended to."

Mr. Atwood flushed hotly at the sight of those rueless shoes.

"She went to get him a pair this morning. But why don't you send for a doctor?"

"He has been here and gone; everything has been done that can be. This is the bundle your wife brought home with her. These are her winter shoes, I suppose, and you can see how suitable they are; the price marked on them is one dollar and ten cents."

"Mary!" began Mr. Atwood, plaintively.

"You asked me what had happened. You see I am trying to find out, and I think I shall before I get through. I want you to see something else in this bundle. This roll of coarse red flannel no doubt is for petticoats for the little girls; but what do you suppose this is for?" sternly.

Mr. Atwood gazed down upon a small quantity of soft white flannel. "I don't know," he said helplessly.

"Thank God I never married!" cried his sister earnestly. "I might not have known myself, if the doctor hadn't intimated that that was what made the case so critical."

Mr. Atwood understood now, and went to the bed and kneeled down. "Mabel!" he said, brokenly. "Oh, my wife!"

"That is all," said his sister, grimly. "You were always selfish. Your mother (who I am glad wasn't mine) helped to make you so. But I never supposed you could be quite so cruel, and to your own. Your income of fifteen hundred dollars a year will admit of a comfortable living for all—had it been shared. Johnnie, dear, I must get off these wet old shoes, or we shall have another sick member of the family."

"Oh, mamma! mamma," moaned the child.

"We will do everything we can," said Aunt Mary, kissing the tear-wet-cheek. "She looks better, I think."

She lived—at the sacrifice of the little life that was to be. Lived, and began to grow stronger, and to smile upon her children once more.

Aunt Mary was at the head of the household, and a new reign had been inaugurated. As for Mr. Atwood, his wife wondered what had come over him. He had sat by her bedside night and day, doing all he could for her, in his awkward fashion, but with a tenderness that surprised her. He had won the timid little girls to sit upon his knee and romp with him as they had never dared to do before.

"Mamma," said Johnnie one day, "how pretty you are, your cheeks are so red and your hair crinkles all around your head!"

Then Johnnie's father laid his hand upon that head, and said:

"Mabel, if you can forget my heartless thoughtlessness, my cruel selfishness, I will see that from this time out my wife and home are my first thought. I never knew how I loved you until I was afraid I was going to have to give you up forever. Can you still love me a little?"

The happy mother smiled fondly on him, and answered:

"I have always loved you, and I suppose it was only a man's way."

Aunt Mary, who had chanced in at this instant, sniffed audibly.

"I was thankful before that I had never married, and now I'm thankful I'm not a man. I call such 'ways' as you attribute to the common man or husband, Sin."

"Never mind," said her brother, "you've had a sphere, and you've filled it nobly; and the coziest room in my home evermore is set aside for brave Aunt Mary, who shook the family skeleton before my eyes until I trembled and burnt it up."—Yankee Blade.

VETERANS PROTEST.

The Administration's Pension Policy Discussed by G. A. R. Men.

Special Dispatch to The Press.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 11.—A general mass meeting of delegates from all the Grand Army Posts in Western Pennsylvania was held in old City Hall to-night to adopt a formal protest against the wholesale suspension of pensions by Secretary Hoke Smith. Several thousand veterans attended the meeting which was secret.

Ex-Department Commander W. O. Russell, chairman of the Grand Army Executive Committee, presided. At the close of the meeting he said resolutions had been adopted to be presented to the National Encampment in Indianapolis next month. He refused to say what they contained. Among the speakers was Congressman Stone who came all the way from Washington to attend the meeting.

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A RETIRED BUSINESS WOMAN.

A Page From Her History.

The important experiences of others are interesting. The following is no exception: "I had been troubled with heart disease 25 years, much of that time very seriously. For five years I was treated by one physician continuously. I was in business, but obliged to retire on account of my health. A physician told my friends that I could not live a month. My feet and limbs were badly swollen, and I was indeed in a serious condition when a gentleman directed my attention to Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, and said that his sister, who had been afflicted with heart disease, had been cured by the remedy, and was again a strong, healthy woman. I purchased a bottle of the Heart Cure, and in less than an hour after taking the first dose I could feel a decided improvement in the circulation of my blood. When I had taken three doses I could move my ankles, something I had not done for months, and my limbs had been swollen so long that they seemed almost putrified. Before I had taken one bottle of the New Heart Cure the swelling had all gone down, and I was so much better that I did my own work. On my recommendation six others are taking this valuable remedy."—MRS. MORGAN, 569 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, a discovery of an eminent specialist in heart disease, is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, $1 per bottle, six bottles for $5, express prepaid. It is positively free from all opiates or dangerous drugs.

Clothes REPAIRED, CLEANSED AND PRESSED.—I have concluded to take up my old trade and am now prepared to do Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing of Clothes at my residence, No. 231 East Lamb street. I solicit a share of patronage and guarantee perfect satisfaction. Work gathered and delivered promptly and charges as low as can possibly be made. A postal card dropped in the mail will receive attention at once.
23 48 tf WILLIAM MCCLELLAN.

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I have opened a shop at corner of Allegheny and Howard streets, in old law office next door to residence of John P. Linn, where I am prepared to do repairing and cleaning of clothes. Orders by mail promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a trial.
CHARLES MCCLELLAN.
10-1f.

Road Grading Machinery

The Champion Road Grader has fulfilled all the claims made for its superior capacity. The supervisors of Union Township purchased one during the spring of 1892, with which they have made the most improved public roads in Centre county. Prior to this year the Supervisors were required to assess six mills road taxes—this year, 1893, they assessed four mills, next year, 1894, they propose to assess three mills road taxes and improve their roads more than they did with six mills road taxes before they purchased their Champion Road Grader from Messrs. McCalmont & Co. Formerly the tax payers had to do the work with shovels and picks, now the horses do the most of the work.

Champion Rock Crusher.

The Champion Rock Crusher has no equal or competitor, when we compare the quantity of stone crushed in one day, seventy to eighty tons, with the power required to operate it—for the proof of which, we refer those interested or who may want to buy a stone crusher to improve their public roads, to the supervisors and tax payers of Walker twp. Centre Co., Pa., as well as to S. D. Tice, a contractor of Howard, and Wallace White, a contractor of Spring township, Centre Co., Pa., who crushes stone for for macadamizing streets and turnpikes.

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Bellefonte Republican,

To Correspondents.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—Attend the primaries Saturday, August 19th. It is not only your privilege but your duty.

—The soldier boys, Company B, 5th regiment, returned from a week spent in camp life and service last Saturday.

—The shutting down of the ore banks belonging to the Valentine Iron Co throws hundreds of men out of employment.

—If you want to vote this fall, and every good republican should, see that you are properly registered on or before September second.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Kurtz are enjoying a visit from Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Clark, of Millersville, at their comfortable home at the Bush House.

—Last night Edward Eckenroth, was united in marriage to Miss Carrie Austin, of Milesburg. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's parents.

—Every friend of the old soldier should cast his vote this fall in such a way as to rebuke the rebel pensions robbers at the head of the pension department at Washington.

—The newly organized pension board of Centre county held its first meeting last Wednesday at the office of Dr. Hoy, on High St. There were two applicants for examination.

—The Lock Haven papers speak as though D. K. Tate, the contractor from Bellefonte, who is building a school house in that city, is having some trouble with the school board.

—See the column of political announcements. There are two new ones this week. Robert Cooke, of Howard, for Sheriff, and Jacob D. Wagner, of Ferguson township, for Treasurer.

—Let every Republican in Centre county attend the primaries next Saturday August the 19th, and see to it that the right kind of men are elected to the County Convention to be held in this place next Tuesday.

—James H. Brown, of Lock Haven, was walking on the railroad track last Monday when he was struck by a passing train and thrown into a ditch by the side of the road. When help reached him it was found that he was dead.

—The Veteran Club, of Centre county, will hold their annual picnic at Hunter's Park on Saturday, September 2nd. There will be a large crowd there. Able speakers and all who go, and everybody is invited, will have a good time.

—The Milton Base ball team, after the late trip they made in which they were so often defeated, on going home discharged their players and are organizing a new team. Perhaps on their second trip they will wake the League up a little.

—On August 11 Bud, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hoover, died at his parents home at Julian. He was ten years old and a very bright boy. The funeral was held in the U. B. church, Rev. Dunn officiating. Burial at the Baptist cemetery at Martha.

—Cyrus Gordon, one of the leading lawyers of Clearfield county, has been nominated for president Judge by the republicans of Clearfield county. The knowing ones say there is a good chance that he may be elected, although that county has a large democratic majority.

—J. M. Neubauer, landlord of the new Brockerhoff House, is enjoying a visit from his mother, Mrs. H. Neubauer, his sister, Mrs. Chas. Strick, Miss Lillia Strick and a little nephew. They will remain four or six weeks and cannot fail to have a very pleasant time in this new palace hotel.

—There was a fire at one of A. J. Morris' Lime Kiln's, on Buffalo Run, about one mile from Bellefonte last Thursday afternoon. They were loading a car with hot lime from the kilns, the car got afire and soon communicated with the sheds, burning them to the ground. The loss on car and sheds will be about $2000.

—Last Monday, the Bellefonte Base Ball team was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. John Lane, at their pleasant home on East Linn street. A bounteous supper was served, consisting of all the delicacies of the season, in the fine style Mrs. Lane knows so well how to direct. Mr. Lane is president of the association and very proud of our home team.

—George Rider, an aged citizen of Central City, a suburb of Milesburg, who has for many years followed his trade of blacksmith in that place, died at his home last Monday. His age was 77 years and four months. He seemed to have no disease, but was worn out. The funeral was last Thursday afternoon at one o'clock, burial at the new cemetery at Milesburg.

—Invitations have been sent out for the wedding of George Mock, of Philipsburg, to Miss Grace Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Moore, who live near State College. The ceremony will take place on Thursday, August 24, in the Presbyterian church at Lemont, at half past two in the afternoon. We wish the young people a happy and pleasant journey on the river of life. May every storm be short, free from violence and followed at once by the brightest sunshine.

BASE BALL NOTES.

Review of the Week's Doings in the River League.

Last Thursday there was something dropped up in Hunter's Park, and the noise of the fall was very audible to the famous Demorests, of Williamsport. Fresh from their victory over Renovo they came here to "do up" the "Governors." Now, the "Governors" were just aching for an opportunity to emphasize the fact that the game played in Williamsport on August 2nd, rightly belongs to Bellefonte.

About five hundred enthusiasts went up to see the game. It was played; and "after the ball (the Demorests were kept busy) was over," our Susquehanna brethren were led to ask, "Where are we at?" Reason: score, 17 to 1 in favor of Bellefonte. Case, that terrible left-handed twirler, who did such fearful execution in the first game played here, was again in the box for the purpose of doing likewise; his "doings" were very like(d) but not at all wise. He was dead easy for the sluggers, who found him continually and generally succeeded in taking him for anything they chose from a beauty of a sacrifice to an "over the fence" and a home run. Nineteen hits with a total of about 30 bases is big work, but that is just what the Governors made off the Demorests. And they. Why Meany just toyed with them throughout the entire game; gave them a hit occasionally to keep up their spirits and struck out when he chose to. The score by innings;

Bellefonte	2 1 3 1 0 0 3 5 2—17
Demorests	0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0— 1

Bellefonte played an errorless game, while the visitors managed to pile up a total of 7.

On Friday they went to Tyrone where the Farmers done them, also, to the tune of 4 to 3. The Bloomsburg-Demorest game at Williamsport on Saturday was stopped on account of rain, and will be played at some future date.

On Tuesday the Tyrone team started out, playing their first game at Renovo, where they were beaten by a score of 9 to 8. They played in Williamsport yesterday, and lost the game by a score of 12 to 2; are at Bloomsburg to-day and will be here to-morrow. There should be a good crowd go up to see the game as Tyrone has now one of the best clubs in the League, and the game will be one of the most interesting of the season.

The Milton club has entirely disbanded, with no hope or intention of a reorganization. This being the case, at the next meeting of the League directors there will likely be action taken regarding the games played by them, which will necessarily all have to be thrown out. Bellefonte's percentage would thus suffer the most as two games were won by them from Milton while the other clubs had only played and won one. When this is done it would make the standing of the clubs up to yesterday morning, as follows:

	won	lost	P.C.
Bellefonte	9	3	.750
Renovo	6	4	.600
Demorests	6	6	.500
Tyrone	3	8	.273
Bloomsburg	1	4	.200

Until the above action is taken, however, the rating of the clubs is still given as follows:

	won	lost	P.C.
Bellefonte	11	3	.786
Renovo	7	4	.636
Demorests	7	6	.539
Tyrone	4	8	.335
Bloomsburg	1	5	.166
Milton	1	5	.166

Notes.

Let there be a big crowd at the game tomorrow.

Tyrone will contest the game played at Renovo on Tuesday,

Bellefonte will play an exhibition game at Tyrone on Saturday.

Jones, Bellefonte's first baseman, was released last Friday. Magee, of Philadelphia, has been signed in his stead.

There is now some talk of the State League going the way of the Southern League. Some of their players may have to slide the railroad ties to their homes.

—It is said, and no doubt with truth, that the rebel government at Washington is employing spies to inform on all pensioners who perform manual labor, and in some places the mail carriers are doing the dirty work for them. It is said that this is the case at Erie. A prominent law Judge in the West says that this whole action of the department in suspending soldiers is unlawful; that when a pensioner has once been put on the roll he cannot be suspended unless it be proven that he obtained a pension by actual fraud and false swearing and that if these cases are carried to the supreme court it will be found that the ex-rebel Hoke Smith is badly off his base in his recent rulings. If this is so no doubt the G. A. R. will prosecute a case and carry it up to the supreme court for a decision. We hope they will, at least. We are for the soldier all the time, and we only ask for justice. This country does not keep large standing armies as they do in Europe. When we need soldiers we call for them and the nation responds. When peace comes they go back to business pursuits and the government can afford to take care of them, and it should.

—The ore banks connected with the furnace of the Valentine Iron company shut down completely last Saturday, the reason given by the managers is that in the present state of the market and the threat of the government to change our tariff laws, completely upsetting all business, they do not feel warranted in stocking up iron in the yard. Then it is almost impossible to get currency. The silver that Mr. Cleveland is so anxious to have put out of the way is at a premium, and hard to get at that. They will run the furnace until the stock on hand is used up which will take several weeks, then if the outlook is no better, they will shut that down. These mines gave employment to several hundred men and paid out in cash for labor every month over eight thousand dollars.

DEATH OF WILLIAM MCFARLANE.

William McFarlane died at his home near Boalsburg last Saturday morning at half past three o'clock. He had been failing for some time and about two weeks before his death became worse and never rallied again. He was born at a place called Slab Cabin, about three miles from the place where he has lived all his life. He was 70 years of age and leaves three children. His wife died about twenty-eight years ago and he never remarried. His wifes maiden name was Margaret Kyle, her home was Mifflin county. Their children are J Kyle McFarlane, of Bellefonte; Frank and Miss Janet who live at home. He was a member of the Presbyterian church and one of the most able contributors to the church at Boalsburg. He was a man of wealth and owns several valuable farms in the country. His only brother, Robert, died several years ago, who was also quite wealthy and all his property went to swell the sum William already had. Several years ago he received the honor of a nomination from the Republicans of the county for the legislature but in Democratic Centre of course this was an empty honor. The funeral was held from the house last Tuesday morning at half past ten o'clock, burrial at Slab Cabin Cemetery.

THE NEW RAIL ROAD ALL RIGHT.

The present stringency in business and money affairs will in no way affect the early completion of the new rail road from Bellefonte to mill Hall. Work is being pushed forward on the road as fast as possible and it will no doubt be completed before December. They commenced putting the iron on part of the road this week. Mr. J W Gephart, the superintendent of construction, told a reporter of this paper this week that the road would be finished as soon as possible; that if business remained as it now is there would be little business for any road, but that this road would be ready for business when confidence was restored and business revived. We asked him what he thought of the situation and he said he was giving the matter very little thought; that we had elected a lot of smart men to go to Washington to attend to that and he was willing that they should do it.

—William Irvin & Son, of Bellefonte, who had a fire in their hard ware store about ten days ago were unable to agre with the insurance companies as to the amount of loss sustained by the flames, smoke and water, so they mutually agreed to leave the matter to arbitrators. The Insurance companies chose Mr. Cald, of Northumberland county; Irvin & Son chose John I. Olwine, a clerk with James Harris & Co., and one who has had years of experience at the business, and these two selected as third man William Bartholomew, of Centre Hall, a merchant and competent man. They were several days going over the stock. It was agreed by both parties that their verdict should be final. Last Saturday the store was opened again for business. The carpenters will at once commence to repair the damage to the building caused by the fire.

CHURCH DEDICATION.

The new Lutheran church of this place is rapidly being completed. It is very probable that the pews, chandaliers and the other necessities will be here this week. The carpet has been made and is now ready to be put down, which will be done in the near future. Beyond all question and doubt it will be one of the finest places of worship in Bellefonte.

The feast of dedication will be held on Sunday, September 3rd. Rev. E. J. Wolf, D, D., Professor of Church History and New Testament Exercises in the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, will preach the morning sermon. Rev. H. W. McKnight, D. D., LL. D., President of Gettysburg College, will preach the evening sermon. You are welcome.

Rev. Ed. E. Hoshour, Pastor.

—Invitations have been sent out for the marriage of William Frederick Reynolds to Lousia Linn Hoy, in the Presbyterian church at Bellefonte, on Tuesday, August 24, at seven o'clock. Mr. Reynolds is well known in the county and throughout out the state. The bride-elect is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Adam Hoy. The father of Miss Hoy, who died several years ago, was one of the most prominent men in the county; one of our ablest lawyers and at one time president Judge of our county.

DEATH OF PATRICK DOOLEY.

Last Friday evening Patrick Dooley, an aged citizen of Bellefonte, died at his home on High street. He was 78 years old and leaves two sons and one daughter, Matthias and Maggie, of Bellefonte, and Frank, who has not been at home for years.

The funeral took place last Sunday afternoon at four o'clock, from his late residence; burial at Catholic cemetery.

—Let every Republican in Centre county attend the primaries next Saturday August the 19th, and see to it that the right kind of men are elected to the County Convention to be held in this place next Tuesday.

KNOCKED HIM DOWN.

Last Tuesday evening Charles Shearer was passing along the pavement near the Brockerhoff House on High street. He was on his way home with a loaf of bread under one arm and a package of meat under the other; he had no thought of danger. A man stepped across his path and without a word of warning struck him a terrible blow in the eye knocking him down. The meat and bread flew in opposite directions. He was stunned by the blow and his face was badly cut. His assailant was Samuel Meese, of Bellefonte. Meese was badly under the influence of liquor and had threatened that he would strike the first man that turned the corner and Mr. Shearer happened to be that man. As soon as he could get his wounds bound up and the flow of blood stopped, Mr. Shearer went before Justice Foster and swore out a warrant against his assailant who was arrested by the police and lodged in jail. Many a murder is committed in this way. A man that drink affects in this way, never ought to touch it. No doubt Meese is now very sorry for what he has done for they say that when sober he is a very quiet and peaceable fellow, but this can hardly be an excuse for his act, nor would it be had his assault ended fatally, nor would his sorrow, in such a case, save him from the hangman's rope. We hope this will be a lesson that shall teach him never to touch drink any more.

PRESENTED WITH A CHAIR.

Last April Thomas A. Shoemaker resigned the position of Superintendent of the Bellefonte Central roilroad, a position which he had filled with honor to himself and profit to the company ever since the road had been built. He had not only so conducted the affairs of the road as to serve the interest of the stock-holders, but he had managed in so just a way as to win the love and respect of the men who served under him. Last Monday evening Mr. Shoemaker was invited to go to the furniture store of Ed. Rowe on High street. When he arrived there he found a large gathering of his old employees on the Bellefonte Central who had secured the Hon. John G. Love to act as their spokesman. He was presented with a beautiful and costly library chair, a gift from his old workmen, which they presented to him as a mark of their appreciation of and respect for their old Superintendent. Mr. Love made the presentation speech in an eloquent and pleasing manner, as he so well can do. It was a pleasant occasion and a just tribute to a worthy man.

PICNICS AT HUNTER'S PARK.

Picnics will be held at Hunter's Park during the balance of August as follows:

Tuesday, August 22, a union Sunday school picnic; Methodist schools at Gray's church, Half Moon, Fillmore, Waddles, Scotia, Ross's and Stormstown. John W. Hartstock, Superintendent of Gray's Sunday school, has charge.

Wednesday, August, 23, The Lutherans of this place.

Thursday, August 24, the A. M. E. Sunday school of this place.

Friday, August 25, the P. O. S. of A. will hold a grand reunion at the park. Representatives from all over the county will be present. They will have able speakers. Special trains will be run.

Saturday, August 26, The Odd Fellows of State College will have the grounds. Other lodges have been invited.

Saturday, September, 2, The Veteran Club of Centre county will picnic.

Died at Boalsburg Friday morning August 11th 1893 at four o'clock Mrs. Agnes Crotzer.

Died near Hublersburg, this county, Thursday evening August 10th at seven o'clock Miss Mary McEwen. She was a member of the Presbyterian church and lived with her sister Mrs. James Conner. The funeral was last Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Died at Beech Creek, Thursday morning August 10th at 8 o'clock Mrs. Michael Dunkle. She was buried near Hublersburg last Saturday morning.

—Last Saturday morning the regular passenger train left Bellefonte at 10:30 full of passengers. When they reached Wingate they stopped for water and the train stood so that the hind car was almost or quite on the switch. The pay train came along on the Snow Shoe road and struck this hind car, throwing it off the track and rolling it completely over into the meadow. It was full of passengers but, strange to say, only one, a Mrs. Peters, was hurt and she only slightly.

READY FOR CIDER MAKING.

Mr. Robert Bierly, of Milesburg, has repaired and fixed up his new hydraulic cider press and now has everything in first-class shape for cider making. Mr. Bierly's plant is one of the largest in the county, with a capacity of grinding and pressing a load of apples in a very short time, and farmers cannot do better than to patronize Mr. Bierly.

—The Eureka Grocery, next door to Post Office, High street, is the place to buy and the place to sell, if you have anything to sell them that the market demands. Butter and eggs are always in demand. When you have anything to sell, call at the Eureka, and when you want to buy don't forget that the Eureka is just the place.

—Mr. Joseph R. Muffly, of Philadelphia, gave us a pleasant call last Tuesday. He is here to see his daughters Bessie and Lilian, who board at the Bush House. He will visit the World's Fair before his return to Philadelphia. Mr. Muffly has spent much time of late years in the silver producing states of the west, and is well informed upon the great question which seems now dividing the men of the west and the east. On the question of free coinage he would not agree with Cleveland. It is very interesting to hear him talk upon the subject.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Reeder are enjoying a visit from Miss Elizabeth Harris, of Lock Haven.

Will Marshall is in charge of the Bellefonte telegraph station during the absence of the regular operator, Ed. Rankin at the Atlantic City. Mr. Marshall is one of the most skillful operators in the country.

Miss Gussie Krider, of Bellefonte, who has spent the past four years in France, returned home last week. She can now speak four languages. She is a guest at the Brockerhoff household, corner of Spring and Bishop streets.

The Misses Lizzie and Annie Luppert, of Williamsport, are guests at the pleasant home of Mrs. Gross, on Willow Bank street. The Misses Luppert are charming young ladies and we trust will enjoy their sojourn in Bellefonte.

Mr. A B Steele, a former employee of this office but of late years engaged in railroading, is here this week visiting among his numerous friends. His mission here was in part to assist his brother, Dode to get settled in his old quarters here. Dode has been living for some years back at Altoona.

Charles H Hart, of Philadelphia, died at his home in that place last week Saturday. He was well known in Bellefonte where he lived for a short time. He was the man that had charge of the construction of the large furnace now run by the Valentine Iron Company, and run the furnace for two or three years. He had many friends here. His age was 49 years.

M. S. Graham is the oldest barber in Bellefonte. He has shaved until he has scraped the face of three hundred and fifty thousand men. He has been in business in Bellefonte for forty-five years and is now seventy years of age. He was born in this county near Unionville. His father's name was Moses Graham, a colored man much respected by all who knew him.

—It will be seen by a glance at our column of announcements that we have a new candidate in the list in the person of Jacob D. Wagner, of Ferguson township, for treasurer. Mr. Wagner is a miller by trade, and is urged to seek this nomination by his many friends. He is a man of the strictest integrity, a thoroughly capable business man, and it is said by all who know him best that he would make a very popular candidate; and, if elected, a first class officer. What we want this fall is a ticket composed of good men and we are assured that the party will make no mistake if they place Mr. Wagner's name on that roll of honor. He has hundreds of friends all over the county and would, in any event, poll much more than his party strength. Such are the men we want, therefore we recommend to the careful consideration of the men to meet next Tuesday the claims of Jacob D. Wagner for treasurer.

—At the wedding of Edward Eckenroth to Miss Carrie M. Anstin, an account of which will be found in another column, about 40 guests were present. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George W arren, of the Methodist church at Milesburg. The supper is said to have been, by those that were present, a grand affair; the cooking excelled anything they had ever enjoyed. Many valuable presents were presented to the happy couple, many envelopes containing money among them. The bride was dressed with such taste and skill as to excite the wonder of the lady guests. Miss Albina Fulton acted as bridesmaid, William H. Austin as the groom's best man. It was a very pleasant affair.

—The Philadelphia *Star* says: "Cleveland is not a ready man with the pen while Harrison was." Well, we do not suppose that anyone ever gave Cleveland credit with being as ready at any thing as Harrison except, perhaps, fishing; and who ever heard of a crank at fishing that ever amounted to anything for business. We have several fishermen in this town who are experts at catching "suckers," but they would not be worth a d—n to run a bank or a sub-treasury.

—Last Tuesday morning the dwelling house of James C McClosky, of Eagleville, caught fire and together with its contents was burned to the ground. Insurance $300,00, loss, estimated to be $600. The fire is said to have orginated from a spark from the chimney.

PUBLIC SCHOOL APPROPRIATION.

Centre County's Share by Township and Boroughs.

Following is an itemized statement of Centre county's taxables by boroughs and townships and the amount of school funds accruing to each from the State appropriation set aside for that purpose:

	Number Taxable	Amount Appro'd.
Bellefonte	1224	$ 2 905 97
Benner	388	1 254 01
Boggs	625	2 020 00
Burnside	114	497 73
Centre Hall	186	602 15
College	569	1 839 01
Curtin	172	555 90
Ferguson	541	1 748 51
Gregg	654	2 113 73
Haines	515	1 754 48
Halfmoon	215	594 88
Harris	334	1 079 49
Howard Boro.	214	688 42
Howard twp	319	1 031 00
Huston	239	772 45
Liberty	411	1 228 35
Marion	190	614 08
Miles	541	1 748 51
Milesburg	215	694 88
Millheim	262	846 78
Patton	295	963 44
Penn	384	1 241 09
Philipsburg	1224	3 632 77
Potter	583	1 884 26
Rush	596	2 120 19
Snow Shoe	494	1 596 61
South Philipsburg	188	607 61
Spring	808	1 611 46
Taylor	163	526 82
Union	254	820 93
Unionville	152	491 26
Walker	423	1 367 14
Worth	353	8 3 25
	13755	44 456 16

AN EXPLAMATION.

We copy the following from the *Gazette*, which that paper no doubt published by authority of the rail road company. It is of interest to all and states a fact perhaps unknown to many, as it was to us:

"About two years ago the Bellefonte Central Railroad Company purchased what is now known as the famous Hunter's Park. When the grounds were purchased they were in a very rough condition It took a great deal of labor and money in order to make it the finest picnic grounds in Central Pennsylvania. It is a beautiful place but it is only intended for the patrons of the road, as that is the only way the company has to realize the money expended. Those who drive there, from Bellefonte or any place else along the line, will be expected to pay the amount of the car fare for the use of the park. Those who drive from Bellefonte to see the various ball games will be charged fifty cents, the same as those who go on the train. This is the ruling of the company and Superintendent Thomas must obey orders. If you would walk to the park to see a game of ball the charges would be the same. It is therefore much better to take the train.

—Attend the primaries Saturday, August 19th. It is not only your privilege but your duty.

—Last Wednesday Lewis Kohlbecker, of Milesburg, was in town with his father's two-horse team and drove to the fountain in the diamond for water. While there one of them, a colt, rubbed his head on the fountain and broke the bridle and it dropped. The team started to run down Allegheny street, the young men had little control over them as but one rein held. Passing the Racket store, they came in contact with a large two-horse team that was hitched there; this team broke loose and also started. Young Kohlbecker was told by those looking on to save himself by jumping, which he did. A man by the name of Brown atttempted to stop them succeeded in turning them into the alley near Hastings & Reeder's office, where they were stopped. The Kohlbecker wagon was over turned, the horses tore loose. The other team was caught, no damage done to it. The over turned wagon was badly broken, fortunately no further damage was done to horses or driver

—We learn with sorrow of the death of Wilson W. Leech, of Shingletown, Harris township, which occured last Sunday at 12 o'clock noon. He was 78 years old. He was one of the best men in the county, a good republican, a good neighbor, an upright christian gentleman; we had known him for many years and always found him the same—always kind, generous and manly. He was well known in this place where he had many friends. The funeral took place last Tuesday at two o'clock.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce H. H. Montgomery, of Bellefonte, as a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Republican county convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of Robert Cooke, Jr., of Howard, as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Republican county convention.

FOR TREASURER.

We are authorized to announce the name of Jacob D Wagner, of Ferguson township, as a candidate for the nomination for Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican county convention.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

We are authorized to announce the name of Andrew Lytle, of College township, as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican county convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of Henry Stevens as a candidate for the nomination for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican County convention.